

THE ILLUSTRATED

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS

No. 224.—VOL. IX.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1878.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

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By Post 6d.



MDLLE. MINNIE HAUK.

RAILWAYS.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET RACES.—SECOND SPRING MEETING.
SPECIAL FAST TRAINS conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class Passengers at ordinary fares will run between Cambridge and London as under:—
Tuesday, 21st May. Thursday, 23rd May.
LONDON to CAMBRIDGE. CAMBRIDGE to LONDON.

a.m. dep. 9.0 Cambridge* dep. 4.40
King's Cross* dep. 9.0 Cambridge* dep. 4.40
Finsbury Park 9.8 Finsbury Park arr. 5.55
Cambridge arr. 10.35 King's Cross 6.0

* In connection with a Great Eastern Train from Cambridge at 10.50 a.m. for Newmarket.

** In connection with 4.3 p.m. Ordinary Train from Newmarket to Cambridge.—Return Tickets available for one month.

Ordinary trains leave Cambridge at 4.30 and 7.40 p.m., reaching King's Cross at 5.55 and 9.15 p.m. First, second, and third class passengers will also be booked from Cambridge to London by the Return Trains.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

London, King's Cross Station, May, 1878.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET RACES.

SECOND SPRING MEETING, 21st, 22nd, and 23rd May, 1878.

First, Second, and Third Class Trains will run as under:—
St. Pancras. Liverpool Street. Newmarket.

dep. dep.
7.33 a.m. 6.0 a.m. 9.55 a.m.
9.15 a.m. 7.35 a.m. 10.45 a.m.
10.15 a.m. 9.10 a.m. (Express) 11.22 a.m.
12.30 noon 10.25 a.m. } 2.7 p.m.
2.35 p.m. 11.35 a.m. (Express) } 4.55 p.m.
5.15 p.m. 2.32 p.m. (Express) 7.40 p.m.
5.10 p.m. 5.10 p.m. (Express) 7.40 p.m.

Returning from Newmarket to Liverpool-street and St. Pancras at 8.45 and 9.0 a.m., 12.30, 4.3, and 6.15 p.m.

A First-class Special Train will leave St. Pancras and Liverpool-street on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 21st, 22nd, and 23rd May, at 9.45 a.m., and return from Newmarket each day one hour after the advertised time of the last race.

On Monday, 20th May, a Special Train will leave Cambridge for Newmarket on arrival of the 5.10 p.m. train from Liverpool-street, and the 5.15 p.m. train from St. Pancras, and the 7.40 and 10.2 p.m. trains from Liverpool-street will run through to Newmarket, conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class passengers.

A 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class Special Train will leave St. Pancras and Liverpool-street on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 21st, 22nd, and 23rd May, at 9.25 a.m., for Newmarket, returning from Newmarket at 5.45 p.m., on Tuesday and Wednesday, and at 4.30 p.m. on Thursday.

London, May, 1878. S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

LEWES SPRING RACES, MAY 24th and 25th.

A SPECIAL CHEAP TRAIN (1, 2, and 3 Class) will leave London Bridge 7.30 a.m.; calling at Croydon and Redhill Junction, Victoria, 7.20 a.m.; calling at Clapham Junction. Returning from Lewes 5.45 p.m.

A CHEAP FAST TRAIN (1st and 2nd Class only) will leave Victoria and London Bridge 10.0 a.m.; calling at Clapham Junction, Croydon, and Redhill. Returning 5.30 and 8.20 p.m.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS from Hastings, St. Leonards, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, &c. Extra Trains between Brighton and Lewes. J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

PARIS EXHIBITION. SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

FIRST EXCURSION OF THE SEASON (via Folkestone and Boulogne), the Shortest, Quickest and Cheapest Short Sea Route, saving in distance 28 miles. Leaving Charing Cross, 7th June, 8.50 p.m.; Waterloo, 8.30 p.m.; Cannon Street, 9.0 p.m.; and London Bridge, 9.45 p.m. Returning from Paris, June 14th, at 5.30 a.m.

FARES THERE AND BACK: Second Class, 33s. 6d.; Covered Carriages, 25s. 6d.

For further information, and all particulars, apply to the undersigned, Charing Cross or Cannon Street Stations; or to Messrs. H. GAZE & SON, Tourist Directors, 142, Strand, who would also undertake to arrange for the Hotel accommodation desired.

JOHN SHAW, Manager and Secretary.

SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS WILL RUN AS UNDER.

To PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, Lidford (for LAUNCESTON, Camelot, Wadebridge, St. Columb, and Padstow), TAVISTOCK (for Liskeard, Gunnislake, &c.), Marytavy, Horrabridge, OKEHAMPTON, &c., by the new short and direct route.—EVERY SATURDAY, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, a FAST EXCURSION TRAIN will leave Waterloo Bridge Station at 9.0 a.m., from Hammersmith (the Grove), at 8.11 a.m., Kensington at 8.29, West Brompton 8.32, Chelsea 8.34, Vauxhall 8.36, Clapham Junction 8.51, Wimbledon 8.58, and Surbiton at 9.21 a.m., for the above mentioned places. Returning by the 7.20 a.m. train from Devonport on the following Monday week or Monday fortnight.

To NORTH of DEVON, EXETER, BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD, &c., by the SHORT and DIRECT ROUTE.—EVERY SATURDAY, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, a FAST EXCURSION TRAIN will leave Waterloo Bridge Station at 8.40 a.m., from Hammersmith (The Grove) at 8.11 a.m., Kensington at 8.29, West Brompton 8.32, Chelsea 8.34 a.m., calling at Vauxhall at 8.44 a.m., Clapham Junction 8.55 a.m., Wimbledon at 9.2, Surbiton at 9.14, Weybridge at 9.30, Woking at 9.41, Farnborough at 9.56, and Basingstoke at 10.30 a.m., for Templecombe and Stations on the Somerset and Dorset Railway, Yeovil, Exeter, Exmouth (for Budleigh Salterton), Ilfracombe, Barnstaple, Bideford (for Westward Ho! Clovelly), &c. Returning on the Monday week or Monday fortnight following the date of the issue of the tickets.

To WEYMOUTH, DORCHESTER, POOLE, BOURNEMOUTH, &c., for 9 or 16 days.—EVERY SATURDAY, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, a FAST EXCURSION TRAIN will leave the Waterloo Bridge Station at 12.10 p.m., Hammersmith (The Grove) 11.11., Kensington 11.48, West Brompton 11.51, and Chelsea 11.53 a.m., calling at Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Wimbledon, Surbiton, Weybridge, Woking, Farnborough, and Basingstoke, for Lymington (for Freshwater), Bournemouth, Poole, Weymouth, Wimborne, Brockenhurst, and the New Forest, Dorchester, Weymouth, &c. Returning on the Monday week or Monday fortnight following the date of the issue of the tickets.

Tickets and all information can be obtained at the West-end Office, 30, Regent-street, Piccadilly-circus. Excursion handbills and tourist programmes may be obtained at any of the South Western Company's stations or London receiving houses; or by post from the office of the Superintendent of the line, Waterloo Station.

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OLYMPIA Sailed. INDIA Saturday, June 1 Saturday, June 8. MACEDONIA To follow.

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THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAY MARKET.

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Reappearance in England of Mr. Sothern, and production of a New Drama in Five Acts, entitled A CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN: a Tale of the Footlights and the Fireside, altered from Henry J. Byron's Domestic Drama called, THE PROMPTER'S BOX. De Lacy Fitzaltamont, Mr. Sothern. Messrs. Howe, Conway, George Holland, Geo. F. de Vere, Everill, Crouch; Mesdames Marion Terry, De Vere, E. Thorne, G. Ashley. Doors open at 7.30; Overture at 8.0. Commence at 8.15.

LYCEUM.—LOUIS XI.—MR. HENRY IRVING. Every Evening, at 8.0; supported by Messrs. Mead, Tyers, Bentley, Clements, Lyons, Archer, Andrews, &c., and Mr. Fernandez; Miss Virginia Francis and Mrs. Chippendale. New scenery by Hawes Craven. Original music by Robert Stoepel. New dresses and appointments. At 7.30 TURNING THE TABLES, Messrs. R. Lyons, Pinero, &c. Lessee and Manager, Mrs. S. F. Bateman.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE. Sole Proprietor, Benjamin Webster. Lessee and Manager, F. B. Chatterton.

Every Evening at 8. PROOF: Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann, Messrs. A. Stirling, L. Lablache, C. Harcourt, J. Johnstone, and S. Emery. Mesdames B. Pateman, A. Stirling, Billington, Hudspeth, K. Barry, and L. Moodie. Preceded by, at 7, STAGE-STRUCK. Messrs. E. J. George, F. Hughes, F. Moreland, Waring. Mesdames Hudspeth, J. Coveney and Bentley.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Last Eleven Nights for the present of Miss HEATH as JANE SHORE, by G. W. Wills. Miss Heath, Messrs. C. Warner, W. Rignold, Howard Russell, &c.; Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. R. Power; Misses Illington, Coote, &c. Preceded at seven, by OUT TO NURSE. Mr. Harry Jackson.

NOTICE.—Production of Ross Neil's ELFINELLA unavoidably postponed until Saturday, June 1st. Miss Heath and a Powerful Company.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Every Evening, at 7.15, TWO TO ONE. At 7.45, a new comedy, OUR CLUB. Messrs. Vernon, Marius, Cox, Grahame, Penley, Wyatt, Turner, Carter; Mesdames A. Swanborough, L. Venne, Jones, Thornton, Williams. At 10.20. DIPLUNACY. Messrs. Marius, Cox, Mitchell; Mesdames R. Sanger, Venne, &c.

GOLOBE THEATRE.—Under the Management of Mr. RIGHTON. Mr. TOOLE in A FOOL AND HIS MONEY, and MIND THE SHOP, TOOLE and RIGHTON. Preceded, at 7, BY MY WIFE'S OUT. Morning performance This Day. THE LITTLE DUKE, by the Royal Philharmonic Theatre Company, SATURDAY, MAY 25th, BENEFIT OF Mr. RIGHTON. Acting Manager, Mr. E. Clifton.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

CONTINUED SUCCESS OF THE PINK DOMINOS.

Every Evening, at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT: Samson Burr, Mr. Henry Ashley. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS. Messrs. Charles Wyndham, Standing, Ashley, A. Harris, Francis; Mesdames Fanny Josephs, Eastlake, Camille Clermont, M. Davis, E. Bruce.

Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

Every evening, at 8.15 precisely, LES CLOCHE DE CORNEVILLE, comic opera in three acts. Supported by Mesdames Katherine Munroe, Violet Cameron, Beaumont; Messrs. Shiel, Bairly, Loredan, F. Darrell, W. J. Hill, &c. Preceded, at 7.30, by CRAZED, in which Mr. W. J. Hill will sustain his original character.

Musical Director, Mr. E. Solomon. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—1076th

Night of OUR BOYS. Every Evening at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron (1076th and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG. Supported by Messrs. Farren, Thorne, Garthorne, Bernard, Lestocq, Austin, and James; Mesdames, Bishop, Walters, Richards, Larkin, &c.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. HARE.

Every Evening, at 8, OLIVIA, a new play in Four Acts, written by W. G. Wills. The principal characters by Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Misses Kate Aubrey, Neville, Turtle, Cathcart, Nicholls; Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. W. Terriss, Mr. Frank Archer, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. Norman Forbes, Mr. Denison, Mr. Franks, &c. New scenery by Messrs. Gordon and Harford.—Box-office hours, 11 to 5. No Fees for Booking. Doors open at 7.30. Carriages quarter to eleven.—Acting-Manager, Mr. H. H. Hare.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—THE GRAND DUCHESS.

Artistes: Mdles. D'Anka, Rose Lee; Messrs. J. D. Stoye, Power, Hall, Kelleher, Lewens, and Hy. Nordblom. "That Offenbach is still a tower of strength in Opera-Bouffé may be seen by the enormous audiences that nightly fill the Alhambra, attracted by this popular composer's 'Grand Duchess.'"—Daily Press. Opera at 8.15 every Evening.

ALHAMBRA.—THE GOLDEN WREATH.

Grand Ballet d'Action, by J. Albery, Esq., arranged by M. Bertrand; new music by G. J. Jacobi, in which Mdles. David, principal danseuse of the Theatre San Carlo, Naples, Milan, Grand Operas, Paris and Vienna, will make her first appearance, supported by Mdles. Pertoldi, Gille, Rosa, Richards, Melville, de Luna, M. Josset, and the whole Corps de Ballet, on Monday and following evenings. New and magnificent dresses by Miss Fisher and Mons. Alias. Scenery by Mr. A. Callcott. Properties by Mr. Buckley. Machinery by Mr. F. Sloman.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.

Every Evening (Wednesday excepted) at 6.45, THE BANDIT QUEEN. Mrs. S. Lane; Messrs. Reynolds, Bigwood, Lewis; Mdles. Summers, Ray, Mrs. Newham. Followed by a Miscellaneous Entertainment, Brothers Mortimer, Mirabel, Bryant's Marionette Minstrels. To conclude with RACHEL'S PENANCE, by E. Manuel, Esq. Messrs. Newbound, Howe, Rhoads, Reeves, Drayton, Towers, Pitt, Hyde; Mdles. Adams, Bellair, Brewer, Rayner. Wednesday, Miss Marie Brewer's Benefit.

NEW Grecian THEATRE, City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.

Special engagement of Mr. Arthur Williams.

Every evening at 7, MONTE CHRISTO: Messrs. James, Sennett, Syms, Arthur Williams, Gillett, Syms, Vincent, &c.; Mesdames Verner, &c. To be followed by the Great Drama, SEVEN SINS: characters by the Company. Dancing every Evening on the new wooden platform in the illuminated grounds.—Acting Manager, Mr. G. Conquest, jun.; General Manager, Mr. H. Spy.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.—Every evening, at 8.30, Tom Taylor's domestic drama of ARKWRIGHT'S WIFE, in which Miss Helen Barry will sustain her original character of Margaret Hayes, supported by Messrs. Henry Forrester, Henry Sinclair, Miss Roberta Erskine, and a specially selected company. Preceded at 7.30 by THE ORIGINAL, by J. Madison Morton, Esq. Prices as usual.—Acting Manager, Mr. E. Chute.

POM!!

IMMENSE SUCCESS!!

ROYAL PARK THEATRE.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, Regent's Park, are Open Daily (except Sunday). Admision, 1s; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. Amongst the latest additions are two Birds of Paradise in full plumage. The Gallery of Water Colour Drawings, by Wolf, is open daily after 11 o'clock, except on Mondays. Professor Huxley's Lectures commence on the 17th inst. The Band of the First Life Guards, under the direction of Mr. James Waterson, will, by permission of Colonel Keith Fraser, perform in the Gardens on Saturday, May 25th, at 4 o'clock, and on every succeeding Saturday, at the same hour, until the last Saturday in September.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall-mall.—The TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the Continental Schools, is NOW OPEN from Nine to Six.

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The CAFE part of these celebrated SUPPER ROOMS is Now Open for the reception of Ladies. The body of the Hall being still reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

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NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain portraits of Miss Percival, of the Folly Theatre, Mr. George Leitch, as "Twine the Plaiden;" Madame Gerter, of Her Majesty's Opera, and Miss Josephine Sherrington—A Drawing by J. Sturges—Sketches from the Annual Bicycle Meet at Hampton Court, by H. Petherick—The Prince of Wales's Yacht Club Match—A Scene from "Twine the Plaiden" at the Globe Theatre, by D. H. Friston—The Hunting of the Rock, by A. B. Frost—Portrait of "Hampton, Two-year-old in 1875, the first winning mount of George—Sketches by Our Captious Critic—A Moorish Maid—A Russian Forest Scene, &c., &c.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—SCHWEPPPE & CO. Purveyors by Special Appointment to the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, beg to inform visitors to Paris that their celebrated Mineral Waters are to be obtained at all the leading Hotels, Cafés, and Restaurants. Every bottle of the genuine is protected by the well-known label having the "Fountain" Trade mark. Wholesale agents for France:—A. SMYTH & CO., 17 & 19, Rue de Maubeuge, Paris.

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THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1878.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

THE approach of Mdlle. Giuditta David, première danseuse assoluta, who is to make her *début* in England at the Alhambra in Mr. Albery's grand Indian ballet *d'action*, is heralded by a series of Italian "opinions of the press" that fairly glow with enthusiasm. According to the *Corriere d'Italia*, she is not only "very powerful on the toes," but "she has the good fortune to possess a well-made form"—which is reassuring. Another Neapolitan journal goes into ecstacies over "her sympathetic presence, her youth, lightness, and elegance, her extraordinary force on her toes, and the security of her poses." Another consoling fact—she is young, almost as young as that rising danseuse, Katti Lanner. *La Pubblica Opinione* (Naples) has no doubt about it—"Mdlle. David is certainly the bright star of Terpsichore." But this is not all: "She is nearly always on the stage, and always as fresh and ready as at the beginning." A dancer who is powerful on her toes, is lovely, is the bright star of Terpsichore, and can stay!—there's a treasure for you, Charles Morton.

Was there ever such a broad-minded religious journal as *The Fountain*? Never, Dr. Parker. Only, don't you think it was hazardous, to say the least of it, in quoting that article on "Lord Rosebery at Home," to give information about Amato, winner of the Derby, and to mention that his lordship "is also an ardent and liberal patron of the turf"? What will Mrs. Grundy say, Dr. Parker, when you meet her on the Viaduct next Sunday?

MR. A. B. FROST, an American artist, who, during his too brief stay in this country, has rendered distinguished service to the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, is now on his way home again, having been summoned thither (to Philadelphia) by "urgent private affairs." It is gratifying to know, however, that he purposed returning to London as soon as he can be liberated from the home-responsibilities which have caused his somewhat sudden departure. It will interest many to know that Mr. Frost, whose powers as a humorous artist are both peculiar and extensive, is engaged upon the illustrations of Lewis Carroll's forthcoming book, "Phantasmagoria." We hope, for the sake of our readers, to have frequent communications from him, pictorial and other, during his sojourn on the other side of the Atlantic.

MARTYRS, in a small way, from toothache may take comfort from the fact that some attention is being paid by the professors of tooth-tinkering to mechanics. Teeth are not punched out, or blown to atoms by means of gunpowder—as they used to be. "An old-established dentist in North London has a vacancy for a pupil, in or out-door. A youth with mechanical tendencies preferred. Upon what kind of patient will that same youth with mechanical tendencies be condemned to practise?

THE speech of Mr. F. Leighton, R.A., at the Artists' Benevolent Fund Dinner—the speech of the evening, we mean, for he made many, and they were all admirable—deserved a wider publicity than was accorded it by the majority of our contemporaries. They for the most part cut it down, and thereby deprived it not only of its point, but its admirable grace of phrase. One passage we feel it incumbent upon us to quote, and it is this:—"Daily experience proved that numbers of youths and girls embraced the career of art in complete delusion as to their capabilities, talents, and qualifications. Stimulated, no doubt, by an artistic temperament seeking some mode of expression, fired by the success of some gifted person, delighted by the flattery of their parents and relations, and too full of regard to entertain any doubt, they find themselves lured on by the most fascinating of all pursuits only to realise when it is too late the bitter truth that they have nursed a vain delusion, have mistaken wishes for gifts, and have written power where nature had only written desire." Those who have had to do with the administration of the pictorial department of an illustrated journal are too well aware of the necessity which exists for Mr. Leighton's grave admonitions. It were flattery of the grossest kind to apply the term mediocrity to the majority of the drawings which are submitted during the space of a twelvemonth, with a request "that they may be inserted in your valuable paper." There never was a greater dearth of great painters in this country—we never were blessed with such an army of painters. But the outlook is promising. Let another period of depression elapse in the art-world, such as that which it has suffered and is yet suffering from, and we shall find fewer students at the Royal Academy (the schools of which institution are overcrowded), and a wholesome improvement in native art all round.

"At last there was a tap at the door, and in walked the crushed tragedian," writes the *Daily Telegraph's* dramatic critic. Arthur declares that he never in his chequered career saw a tap at any door that did not accommodate a crushed tragedian. Arthur is severe.

A PREDICTION which we made in this column some weeks since is in a fair way of being realised. Mr. Edmund Davis, who raised the Granville to its present pinnacle of glory and created Westgate-on-Sea, is a candidate for East Kent. We do not wish more power to him, because that would be unnecessary. He is sure to get in.

WE hope it is not true that Mr. Solomon Hart's picture in the Academy is about to be removed. Without our Solomon Hart what would our annual show of pictures be? A howling wilderness of respectable mediocrity. It is desirable, however, that a policeman be told off to guard the canvas. The crowd around it augments daily, and their laughter does likewise. We are serious in enjoing on the trustees of the National Gallery the desirability of securing the picture. As an example of drawing it is unique. Hogarth could not have caricatured its perspective. Its humour is irresistible. In fine, it is a perfect specimen of the latter manner of Mr. Solomon Hart, R.A.

It's very hard them kind of folks
Won't let a body be.

It is very hard, to repeat the complaint of the old ballad. Why should "ladies of the ballet, choristers, and theatrical dressers" be specially preached at and admonished? We are told by a contemporary that on Thursday afternoon last week the lower room at Exeter Hall (of course it was the *lower* room) "was tolerably well filled by members of the above professions, who came by invitation of several Christian ladies and gentlemen, to hold a prayer and tea meeting. The proceedings were opened with prayer by Mr. W. Forbes, of Grafton-road Chapel, Holloway, who had convened the meeting, after which tea was served to the visitors. After tea a hymn was sung, and Mr. Downing, late Mayor of Penzance, congratulated those present on the earnestness with which it had been sung. He proceeded to deal at some length with the leading topics of Christianity, and reminded his hearers of the recent introduction of Sunday services in the theatres, at the same time alluding in approving terms to the zeal with which Mr. Macready, the great tragedian, had, towards the close of his career, devoted himself to the promotion of religion. Mr. Forbes expressed his satisfaction at the mode in which his invitation had been received, and disclaimed any intention of treating the female members of the theatrical profession otherwise than as any other women would have been treated. They were all sinners together, and, if his auditory were duchesses, he would address them precisely as he addressed those who had accepted his invitation." Far be it for us to impugn the veracity of Mr. Forbes, but suppose he next tries his homilies and admonitions on the duchesses? A special mission to convert them would at least possess the merit of novelty.

MR. AMBROSE AUSTIN'S ANNUAL CONCERT took place on Wednesday evening last at St. James's Hall, where he has for more than twenty years so ably and conscientiously carried out his duties, and gained the respect and esteem of thousands of the musical public. The best proof of this was the crowded state of the hall by the time the concert was announced to commence. The following eminent vocalists appeared:—Mdlle. Minnie Hauk and Miss Robertson; Madame Patey, Madame Antoinette Sterling, and Mdlle. Tremelli; Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Edward Lloyd; Mr. Maybrick and Herr Henshel—and were most favourably received by the immense audience. Recalls and encores were numerous. Mdlle. Minnie Hauk thoroughly delighted her hearers with Eckert's "Echo Song," and in response to the very determined demand for a repetition substituted "Kathleen Mavourneen," playing her own accompaniment. Mr. Blumenthal accompanied Mr. Sims Reeves in "The Message," and Mr. Lloyd in his new song, "Two Stars," the last verse of which was repeated. Madame J. Clippingdale played Thalberg's "Mosè in Egitto" and a fantasia for the pianoforte with much taste. The conductors were Mr. Sydney Naylor and Mr. Randegger.

MDLLE. MINNIE HAUK.

Mdlle. Minnie Hauk, whose portrait we have the pleasure of publishing this week, was born at New York, 16th November, 1853. When but eight years of age her singing at the Cathedral service in New York attracted much attention, and her musical gifts were carefully cultivated. Five years later, she made her appearance at a National Benefit Concert, given at the Opera House, New Orleans, and sang "Casta Diva" and an air from Auber's *Crown Diamonds* with great success. In 1866 her family returned from Kansas to New York, and the musical education of the youthful vocalist was completed under the instruction of Signor Errani. One of her admiring friends, Mr. Louis Jerome, built a private theatre in his own mansion at New York, and here she made her first operatic essays as Linda, &c. &c. Her progress was remarkable, and she was engaged by the impresario, Maretz, to appear in Italian Opera at the Academy of Music, New York. Her *début*, as Amina in *La Sonnambula* took place in 1868, and from that moment she became one of the most popular artists in her native country. In 1869 she made her *début* in London as Amina, and met with the most favourable notice from the musical press and public. Her subsequent appearances during the season of 1869 strengthened the good impression which she had made at her *début*, and every qualified judge predicted that the *prima donna* of sixteen would make a brilliant career. In the same year she appeared with similar success at the Italian Opera in Paris, and soon afterwards made a successful tour in the Netherlands. From thence she proceeded to Moscow and was enthusiastically received. In June, 1870, she was equally successful at Vienna; and at Berlin, after the close of the Franco-German war, she became a popular favourite. At Vienna she has continued to be idolised by the musical public. Mdlle. Hauk has sung at most of the principal musical centres on the Continent, and such glowing accounts of her success have reached England that her *entrée* at Her Majesty's Opera on the 27th of last month, as Violetta, in *La Traviata*, was awaited with special interest. We have already recorded the great and genuine success which she made on that occasion, and since then she has shown the versatility of her vocal and dramatic talent in the *rôles* of Rosina, in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and Margherita, in Gounod's *Faust*. At every appearance she has delighted the general public by the charm of her acting and by the beauty of her bright sympathetic voice, and has elicited the admiration of skilled musicians by the brilliancy of her vocalisation and the purity of her style. She has realised the expectations which her budding talent awakened nine years ago, and has become one of the brightest ornaments of the operatic stage.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

LONDON AND SUBURBAN.—At an entertainment to be given at St. George's Hall on the 27th inst., Mr. Irving, Miss Marion Terry, and Mr. Charles Mathews will take part.—Mr. Hermann Vezin is engaged for *Family Honour*, Mr. Frank Marshall's new comedy.—A new comedy is being prepared for the Criterion by Mr. Byron.—*Wig and Gown* is likely to be revived at the Globe.—After Whitsuntide the Gaiety Theatre is to be closed for a short time while repairs, &c., are executed.—The Vaudeville will shortly lose Mr. W. Farren.—The council of Trinity College, London, by whom the higher examinations in musical theory and practice was first opened to women, has arranged courses of lectures on harmony and composition, which have been delivered at the College Rooms in Weymouth-street, and are being continued with encouraging success. The lecturer, Mr. Humphrey Stark, Mus. B., New College, Oxford, reports that the progress of the ladies attending these lectures has been more than satisfactory, and in every respect equal to that of the male students of the College.—An amateur dramatic performance, under distinguished patronage, was given at St. James's Theatre on Friday afternoon, May 17, in aid of the funds of the St. James's Home for Female Inebriates.—It is whispered that at the close of the present tour of the Carl Rosa Opera Company Miss Julia Gaylord will become Mrs. Frederick Packard.—Mr. Henry Powell, the well-known London and provincial manager and equestrian actor, is, we regret to say, dead. He went for a walk on Wandsworth Common on Saturday evening, and shortly after his dead body was found.—At the Queen's Theatre on Saturday next a new comedy, called *The Three Sisters*, will be produced for the benefit of Mrs. Rousby.—*Elfinella* will be produced at the Princess's Theatre on the 22nd inst., with Miss Heath in the principal *rôle*.—Mr. Henry Neville will, on the 23rd inst., take his benefit at the Olympic, where he will appear, for the first time, in the part of Belphegor the Mountebank.—The Bandmann v. Rousby assault case will be heard on the 25th inst.—The new drama at the Pavilion Theatre is a success.—*Love or Life* is the title under which Mr. Tom Taylor and Mr. Paul Meritt's play is to appear at the Olympic.—Mr. W. G. Wills has written a new play for the Lyceum.—Speaking of Mario, the vocalist, the *Morning Post* says:—"It is painful for his friends to be obliged to make his necessities so public. Old age is fast stealing on him, and his eyesight is fast giving way. He lives in the most modest manner, and his own expenditure would be covered by £10 a month."—Mr. Toole leaves the Globe on June 8th to resume his provincial tour.—*Jane Shore* will be revived in the autumn.—It is said that *Olivia* at the Court is to be succeeded by an adaptation of *Les Bourgeois de Pont Arcy*, of which a description and illustration from Paris have already appeared in our pages.—The American negro company of one hundred performers engaged for *Uncle Tom's Cabin* at the Aquarium will be a decided novelty.

CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB.—This Club held its opening day on Saturday last, the 11th inst., and signalled the event with a match for open boats, which possessed exceptional interest in the fact that Heathen Chinee, a miniature type of the Julian class, made her *début* on this occasion. Two well-known little clippers the Venture, Mr. H. N. Custance, and the Devonia, Mr. Huxham, were opposed to the new boat, which was built by MacWhirter, of Erith, after lines designed by her owner, Mr. Landseer MacKenzie. Whatever speed the "Chinaman" may possess, she failed on this occasion to lower the colours of her opponents, as the Venture went away with the lead and kept it throughout, Devonia being a bad second, and the new boat nowhere. More wind, however, might have altered the result, as it cannot be doubted that Mr. Mackenzie's boat wants a strong breeze to bring out her good qualities, but whether she will ever be able to give any time to such boats as Venture or Devonia is very questionable. Mr. Harman Sturgis, the Rear-Commodore, was the officer of the day; and upon the gun being fired as a signal for starting the racing-boats, he hoisted his pennant on board his yacht, the Alice, and stood down the Reach for a cruise, followed by a fleet, comprising the Fleur-de-lis, the Ethel, Taffy, Nona, Merle, Cobweb, Coquette, Teaser, &c. After a pleasant cruise, the weather being glorious, the whole fleet dropped anchor again off Erith, and the members adjourned to the Prince of Wales Hotel, where over forty gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by Mrs. Starling, and so terminated one of the most successful opening-days Erith has seen for some years. The next matches of this club will take place on the 25th inst., when the yachts will be started on their journey at about 10.30 a.m.

TURFIANA.

AN influential, if not a very numerous, meeting of the Jockey Club, held at Newmarket last week, has very properly left it to the Stewards to decide what steps shall be taken in the matter of suburban meetings. Wise determinations will doubtless be come to; but Lord Hartington emphatically hit the right nail on the head when he stated that it was the intention of himself and his colleagues to "call the attention of gentlemen undertaking the office of stewards of race-meetings to the responsibility they incur for the proper management of the meeting;" and his lordship went on to express a hope that "gentlemen would not accept the office unless they intended to be present, or were fully satisfied as to the arrangements for the conduct of the meeting." This last saying clause, however, appears to us to take a deal of very desirable "sting" out of the suggestion which precedes it, and we do not see why stewards should be recommended to take anything for granted after recent experiences of even tolerably-respectable meetings going utterly to the bad. The office of steward seems lately to have been regarded as a sinecure, and those who are pleased to undertake it do so without any ideas of its duties. It is all very well to "see oneself in print" as a Steward of the Grand International Diddlesex Meeting, to swell about stands and enclosures, and to run a horse or two for the sake of "patronising" the affair; but seekers of such distinction (?) appear to limit themselves to "swaggering"—if, indeed, they turn up at all on the scene of action—and somehow are never to be found when a case arises necessitating action on their part. It is high time all this was altered, and that people lending their names should also make a point of being present in person. A few really energetic men, content to act without fear or favour, might work wonders in the repression of those nefarious tricks which bring racing into evil repute; but the mere appearance of their names on the top of the card will not act as a deterrent to evil-doers, who must be stamped out by stronger devices than these.

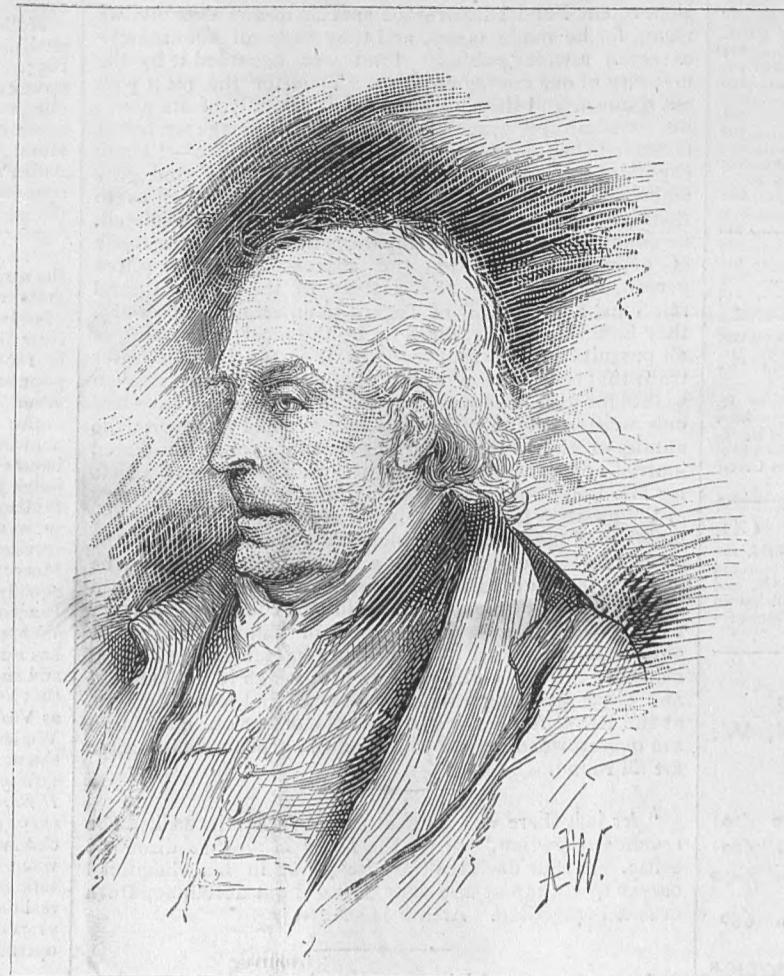
Mr. Hume-Webster seems determined to lay a varied bill of fare before his customers on the 15th of June, when Mr. Tattersall will set up his pulpit in Marden Deer Park for the first time. The produce of English sires will include samples of d'Estournel, Lecturer, Wenlock, The Palmer, Adventurer, John Davis, Prince Charlie, Lord Lyon, Cardinal York, Cremorne, The Rake, Soapstone, Blair Athol, and Parmesan; while among the foreign contingent are included descendants of Filibustier, Buccaneer, Laneret, and Grimston, so that all tastes should be gratified by variety, the charms of which are so strong in the estimation of

yearling purchasers. There is a strong flavour of Rufford pervading the programme, and as Mr. Savile has hitherto kept his blood pretty much to himself, almost a new commodity will be thrown upon the market, a fact worth bearing in mind by those fond of trying novelties. John Day's dam is represented by a

bay Cardinal York filly, while there is also a black sister to the Tragedy colt, and the solitary Blair Athol is out of that famous mare, Aventurière. Lady Augusta's yearling is by The Palmer, and Miss Grimston's by Adventurer; this pair representing Mr. Webster's Dewhurst Lodge purchases last June. There are twenty-one lots in all, but Mr. Caledon Alexander will offer his yearlings afterwards, and it is to be hoped they will find more favour than did his young Thunderbolts at Newmarket last July. Breaking fresh ground is always rather risky work, but Mr. Hume-Webster has been well advised in making up a strong catalogue for his first season's sale, after which Marden Deer Park will be better known than at present, and doubtless many will be attracted thither out of curiosity to see what the new establishment is like. We note that See-Saw and Soapstone are both full, and there seems to be no reason why the venture should not go on and prosper, after it has duly settled down into the "groove" which its promoter does not seem to have been long in finding.

The result of the Two Thousand has only lightly affected speculation on the great race of June 5th, and there are no changes beyond the advance of Sefton, by reason of his very respectable performance in the Guineas, and a slight retrogression in the case of Childeric, on whose behalf it will doubtless be pleaded that the softness of the ground last week was all against him. We are inclined, however, to debit his defeat to softness in another place, and there was no sort of Kingcraft or Silvio form about his running with Pilgrimage and Co. Sir Joseph is remarkably firm, and has remained at the head of affairs *de jure* ever since the fall of Beauclerc, and this is all the more remarkable, considering the fact that he does not belong to a "big" man, nor is the stable in which he is trained an important one. However, it is high time the Midlands had a turn, and no one will begrudge Weever his success, should Sir Joseph pull through, which he seems to have an excellent chance of doing. Insulaire and Thurio press the Bourton nag pretty closely, and for once in a way the Two Thousand running has failed to "paralyze" speculation on the Derby. The followers of Russley seem to be "in doubt and great perplexity" as to which of Robert Peck's they shall pin their faith, but we believe that none of them are worth backing, and when a strong stable throws up its hand for a big race likely

to be contested by moderate horses things look very ominous, and would-be backers may well hold aloof. Small as was the field for the Guineas, we cannot at present see that it will be greatly exceeded at Epsom, though the "forlorn hope" may be stronger than we expect, and certainly in such a year as the present, anything sound and with four legs should be sent to



SIR TATTON SYKES.



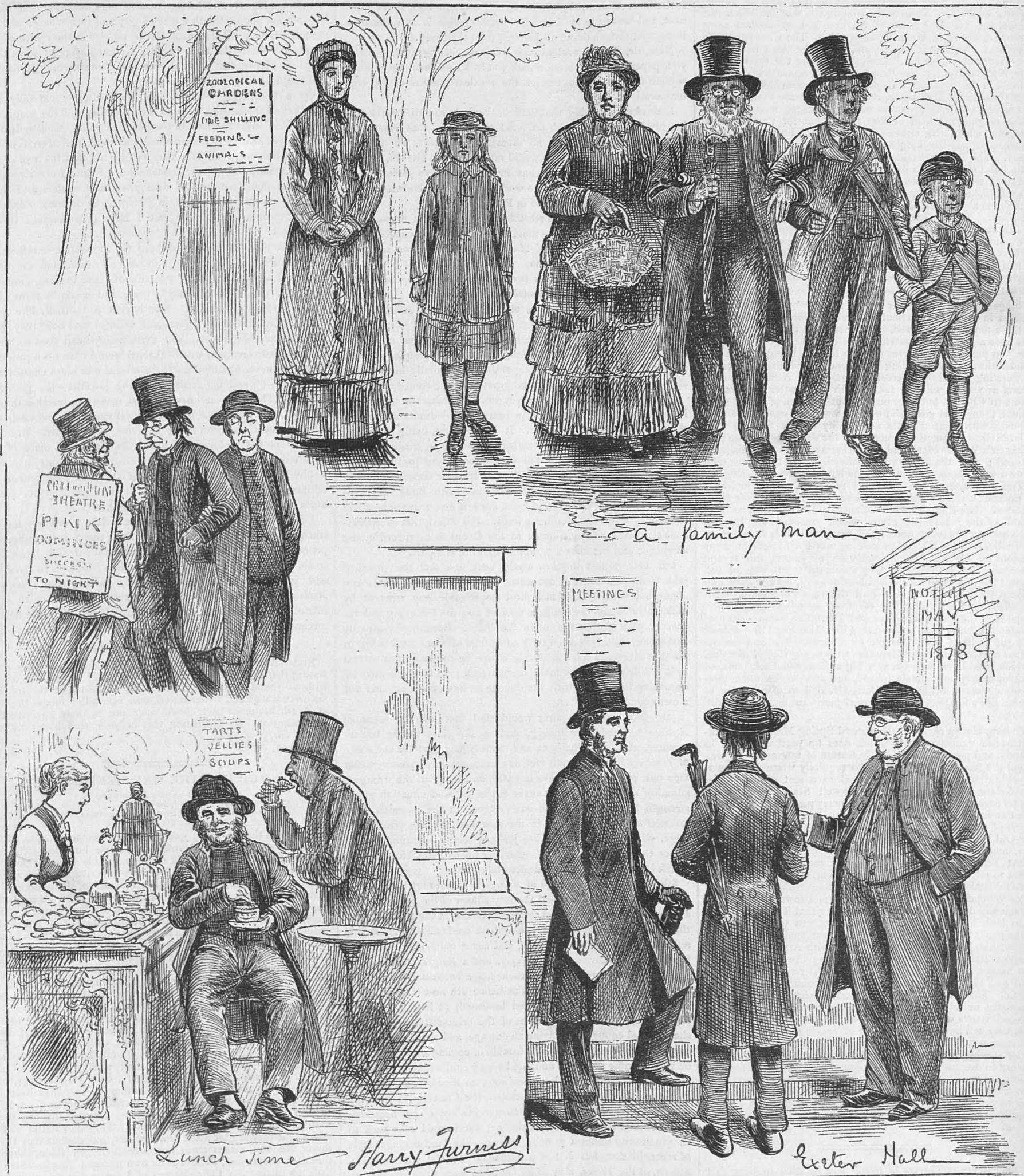
PILGRIMAGE, WINNER OF THE TWO AND ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS.

the post on the off-chance. The withdrawal of Beauclerc and Fitz-James leaves the North virtually unrepresented, and the Derby field is narrowing down to insignificant dimensions, without reckoning for accidents and other causes of removal at the eleventh hour. Will any of us live to see thirty and more going down to the post, as in former times, ere a plethora of rich animals had taken all the pith and marrow out of the great race of the year?

Thursday at Newmarket was a very "off" day indeed, but the weather made some amends for indifferent sport, and the Heath was worth patronising, if only to shake off the damp and de-

pressing influences of the day before. Flotsam, a happily-named and rather neat colt (one of the "winning Speculums") made very short work of Lina, Capillaire, Cerberus and Co. in the Burwell Stakes; and a Selling Stakes fell to Mr. Greenwood's Pearlina, by Brown Bread out of Saccharometer's dam, but not a very grand-looking one. A very fair field mustered for the First Spring Two Year Old Stakes, Royal being elected favourite; but Despatch, a likely-looking colt by Queen's Messenger, came through his horses in grand style, after a somewhat indifferent start, settled Strathern and Witchery very cleverly at last, and the winner will take some doing for future events. That neat

little dandy, Altyre, won the Selling Plate; but Mr. Beddington did not care to let him go, and he may win many a race yet if properly placed. With only the Euxine filly and Montgomery to beat, Little Harry had no difficulty in securing the Second Welter Handicap, but he did not perform over generously, and need be thought of no more in connection with a "big handicap." A Maiden Two Year Old Plate brought out nine runners, and again were Mr. Beddington's colours to the fore on Alchemist, a handsome colt by Rosicrucian, and, if we mistake not, one of last year's Middle Parkers. Sunburn and others were backed, and ran creditably; but they are not of such good class as the



"UP FOR THE MAY MEETINGS."

winner, who should do the brown and orange many a good turn. The Callant, with Fordham up, was freely backed against Pardon for the Stand Handicap, but was just done by a head; and in the intervals of racing some heavy shots were exchanged over the One Thousand, Chester Cup, and Derby. For the former race a lot of "probable starters" had the pen drawn through their names, and Jannette left off in woeful plight, with nothing backed in earnest save Pilgrimage and Strathfleet.

Perhaps the best day's racing was on Friday, in the opening event of which Queen of Cyprus rather exposed the mediocrities of Mida, who could make no sort of a fight with Jennings's mare at

25 lbs. for the two years. Some speedy ones did battle in the Third Welter Handicap, T.Y.C., won by the gigantic Strike, The Callant once more being second, and Oxonian third; and after Bumpkin had beaten Boudoir and Thorganby in a Two-year-old Selling Stakes, he was claimed by Mr. Bush, who could not resist adding another ready-made "B" to his long string, all boasting that initial letter. Electric Light is another winner by Sterling, who is "looking up" a bit, and he made very short work of Bab-at-the-Bowster filly, a stylish daughter of Wenlock, who started with odds on her. The One Thousand was a far more interesting race than the Two Thousand, for which both Clémentine and Strathfleet were considered dangerous rivals to Pilgrimage. Jannette and Lady Lumley each found backers, and the former showed that she might still be dangerous in the Oaks, seeing that she had been seriously amiss, and came almost from a sick bed, or rather box, to throw down the gauntlet to Pilgrimage, against whom she may fairly claim a new trial at Epsom. Lady Lumley ran fast, but Strathfleet was never really formidable, and the pace was good throughout, considering the state of the ground. Thus a second "double first" has been achieved by Lord Lonsdale's filly, honours which the Palmer is compelled to divide with The Earl, albeit the latter cannot have

even a homeopathic claim to the paternity of Pilgrimage. Captain Machell was content to purchase Alyre after his race in the Selling Stakes, and the little horse is certainly a model of a plater; but a "turn up" was in store for us in the Newmarket Stakes, Hydromel being "all over the shop" after half the distance had been traversed, thus leaving Reefer to beat Barullion at his leisure, and giving Russley a turn at last.

Never was the word of promise made to the ear and broken to the hope so decisively as at Chester. That the Cup would be a failure had long been anticipated, and "corpses" were as thick as at Plevna, while, as might be expected, the lack in quantity of competitors was by no means atoned for by their quality. Even the two-year-old racing, which is usually fairly interesting on the Roodee, dwindled down to very insignificant dimensions, and though the Duke of Westminster was reported to have made it up with the Committee, upon their agreeing to drop the fourth day of the meeting, his grace contented himself with a languid support, while the Newmarket contingent was far below the average, and the rival blues of Stanton and Middleham alone furnished a sort of backbone to the meeting. The Grosvenor Trial Stakes was a walk-over for Owtown, while the three next items were "reduced to matches," Leoline upsetting the odds laid on Lady Nyassa filly for the Roodee Stakes, Speculation beating Redoubt in the Wynnstay Handicap, and Lycean having nothing better than Castle Blair to dispose of in the Curzon Plate. Welter races seem to hold their own as well as anything nowadays, and quite a magnificent field of four turned out for the Members' Plate, for which the erratic Knight of the Forest was made favourite, but another knight, he of St. Patrick, turned out the winner. The Mostyn Stakes' lot were not remarkable for good looks, but Trapper had a decided call in this respect, and settled the rather ungainly Ambassador easily enough, but the winner, who was picked up cheap by Fred. Bates at Doncaster, has not much scope about him, albeit he is nearly full brother to Holy Friar and Monk. Yet another Welter Cup wound up a sadly indifferent afternoon's sport, for which the favourite, Templar, ran most unaccountably badly, and Violet Melrose succeeded in getting the Union Jack first home from Singleton and the Minaret filly, the half-dozen furnishing the biggest field of the day. Verily the Chester case is a hopeless one, for everything has been done to give the meeting a chance, and yet its revival is as far off as ever.

Things looked a trifle rosier on the "Coop" day, which many dwellers in cities round about Chester still fondly regard in the light of a day to be observed, and accordingly the various excursions were almost as well patronised as ever, the "great Cestrian prize," as penny-a-liners were wont to term it, being a secondary consideration to the "outing" generally, and the "muzzling and guzzling" interests thereof in particular. A little moisture without as well as within is taken much as a matter of course by visitors to Chester, but the rain was not so much of a spoil-sport as usual, though the going did not improve, and was all in favour of horses with light weights and ability to get through dirt. Violet Melrose repeated her success of the day before in the Earl of Chester's Welter Plate, and a useful mare she is for business of this sort; and then Bates had another turn, this time with his own filly, Ex'inghish, in the Vale Royal Stakes, the daughter of Tynedale upsetting a presumed real good thing in Shaft, but the start was a straggling one, and the running may be upset hereafter. The Throckmorton colours had their revenge with Herald in the "Duke's" Plate, which preceded the Cup, in which we saw Pageant once more victorious, à la Leamington and Dalby, and the Kingsclere gelding may live to fight on many occasions on the Roodee. Woodlands, of course, ran second once again, and Jester was a very moderate third, but we still believe there is a good race in Mr. Naylor's colt, though a straight course will suit him best. After all the race was a tame, spiritless affair, and a great falling off from its once high promise. Serape took the Dee Stand Cup, and Paramatta won for Colonel Forester his usual race at Chester, with which event the second day's proceedings were brought to a close. We had almost omitted mention of the Badminton Stakes, the race of the day, in which Wild Lyon, who ran very big at Sandown Park, polished off Trapper very handsomely indeed, and as he is the third two-years-old winner out by Wild Oats, Mr. Bell may well row to raise his sire's fee to 50 guineas next year—an honour he well deserves.

We have always regarded the Second Spring Meeting at headquarters as a "resuscitation," which does no particular good to anybody, and possesses not a single feature of interest to anyone beyond the Newmarket trainers, who regularly "farm" the two-year-old prizes, and look upon the week as a sort of benefit for second-class two-year-olds. The Burwell Stakes may indeed tempt Thurio to the post, and Pontoise may possibly run to obtain some line for Insulaire, but there is nothing to interfere with the success of the Prince's colt, if he starts. The Newmarket Two-Year-Old Plate has brought out some good youngsters in former years, and we shall probably see plenty of *débutantes* pitted against Tempestas, Witchery, Exmouth, and others, but it will be best to rely on Witchery for the present. The Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes (also over the Rous course) reckons among its entries Witchery, Romana, and others less known to fame, but so much will depend upon previous running that it would be useless to look beyond Lord Hartington's filly as yet. *Alchemist* may be equal to beating the lot brought out against him in the Sweepstakes, last half of the R.M.; and with Athol Lad, Monk, Lollipop, Ecossais, and Lord Clive among the entries for the Rous Stakes, a smart "set to" should be the result between *The Monk* and Ecossais, the former, perhaps, looking the most formidable. The Exning Plate may see *Alchemist* again to the fore, his penalty notwithstanding, and in the Second Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes we can find no doughtier champion than *Despatch*, who will have an opportunity of proving his excellence in good company. The numerous other stakes are as yet unclosed, or their weights unadjusted, so that we must be excused for attempting to discuss a skeleton programme. But we fancy that the occupation of touting the Derby horses now in preparation at Newmarket will furnish stronger attractions than the racing, which serves only as an excuse for making one more pilgrimage to the Heath before the great event of the year comes on for decision.

SKYLARK.

ALL amateurs and lovers of music will be glad to hear that Madame Edith Wynne is rapidly becoming convalescent, and that she will be ready to accept engagements again after the 12th June. We have not heard her for some weeks past: more's the pity.

PERFECTION.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER never fails to restore Grey Hair to its youthful colour, imparting to it new life, growth, and lustrous beauty. Its action is certain and thorough, quickly banishing greyness. It is not a dye. It ever proves itself the natural strengthener of the Hair. Its superiority and excellence are established throughout the world. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

"JEALOUSY."

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS

SIR,—When this play was produced your contributor saw it played, and gave his own judgment, a conscientious and intelligent one: yet now I find him deferring to the cackle of his intellectual inferiors, and repeating out of their heads, not his own, that I have maimed the construction of Sardou's *Andrea* by introducing mechanical comicalities, which lower a five-act comedy; that I have clogged the play with superfluous and didactic dialogue; and that the lines and character of Olga (who is Sardou's *Andrea*, slightly improved) owe all their fire, tenderness, and beauty to an English actress—which is as rational as to say that the sun draws all his light from the moon.

Now, sir, there is evidently no personal feeling against me in your paper. I will, therefore, ask you to let me erect one solitary column of criticism to correct the reckless guesses of my contemporaries.

Instead of assuming that Sardou, the first dramatist of the age, has produced a play with no good scenes, and that Reade, an acknowledged critic, has no dramatic judgment, an inquirer blessed with common sense would rather say to himself, "Why does Reade, who for years has invented his own pieces, go to France, and pick out a play to work on which is known to have failed in New York and failed in Paris?"

Having put himself this sensible query, instead of assuming as self-evident that big writers must be little fools, our capable critic would next get a copy of *Andrea* which costs two shillings, and speedily solve the enigma. He would then find—

1st. That *Andrea* contains twenty-two *dramatis personæ*.

2nd. Whereas *Jealousy* contains only twelve.

3rd. That of those twelve, one, the most approved by the London press, is original.

4th. That in *Jealousy* the business and dialogue of twelve characters are struck out, relieving a very discursive play of much useless matter, that, in the original, keeps eternally interrupting and chilling the central and vital interest of the comedy.

5th. That, on the other hand, Kraft, the character introduced into *Jealousy*, is always in the heart of the drama and an instrument of its central action. It is true that, being a leading personage entirely new in dramatic fiction, he is made to reveal his character at starting; but this is according to the rules of art, and done at the right time, viz., in the first scene of the first act. There he reveals his character—in exactly three minutes—before the action warms, and when once it has warmed he never cools it by a single superfluous word. His description of Nesselrode's nostrum, though given to the Count, is overheard by the Countess, and becomes a powerful agent in the plot.

6th. Our honest inquirer would next find that the practical joke in the madhouse is not mine, but Sardou's, and the escape connected with it done in a most improbable way, whereas by making the ingenious Kraft, a man of approved cunning and resources, plan the escape under the double stimulus of sympathy and money, and take a shrewd advantage of the Count being in his shirt-sleeves, I have made the escape as probable and natural as it was droll, and also made the practical joke more effective by drenching the gaoler with the douche he has eulogised, and not a mere outside character.

7th. Our honest inquirer would find that the last scene of *Andrea* is wordy, vacillating, and weak, plays nearly twenty minutes, and is all dialogue and monologue; that the last scene of *Jealousy* is close, rapid, and, as a necessary consequence, rather vigorous, plays about twelve minutes, and contains the strongest situation of three persons in the entire play—a situation whose strength lies not, as blockheads pretend, in the common-place position of Frederick, but in the new and striking position of Olga, who puts her justifiable jealousy and its glittering cause under the very nose of the Count and his unjustifiable jealousy, which is a good dramatic and pictorial contrast.

8th. That the last passage of *Andrea* is false in art, and a blot—where any blot is fatal—at the very climax of the drama. Even a long *soliloquy* is out of nature, for men seldom think aloud more than a few detached sentences, and these are invariably comment, reflection, or imaginary dialogue, and never narrative. But here is monologue delivered for soliloquy, and a long *story* told by a gentleman to himself, of what took place between him and his wife on their bridal night. The audience are now carried clean out of the play into the past, and informed, at length, that the Countess turned her husband out of the bride-chamber for what she was fool enough to imagine an outrage, and that he was idiot enough to go—and give her the trouble of coming after him again, on the feminine plea that he must be very cold out there. When the discreet Count has related this story to himself and a mixed audience of young men and maidens, the Countess repeats the incident of her wedding-night. She comes out of her bedroom, overhears him thinking, and carries her unreformed rake back to it, which is no doubt a prompt, business-like, and conjugal style of reconciliation, but is not particularly delicate, whatever Mr. Morris, of the *Times*, may think, and, to pass from decency to art, leaves a sense of unreasonable forgiveness on the woman's part, and of mere selfish regret and lucky impunity in the man, that promise ill for their future happiness should some other beautiful celebrity ever visit Vienna.

9th. That here, for babyish and indelicate monologue and dialogue, I have substituted an action of three persons, which occupies two minutes. The brother-in-law announces Stella's procession in the street. At that, the Countess, who was visibly relenting towards her husband, flames into jealousy and wrath again, and goes sweeping up the stage, crying,

"I leave the field to her. She is queen of all the hearts in my house."

But at the very door (upper entrance, left hand) she is stopped

by her husband, saying, quietly (he is seated by the fire in R. corner),

"Here is one heart to whom she is nothing."

The Count then, as he sits drooping and ashamed, calls his brother-in-law to him, and, speaking to him in a position which makes it impossible he could see Olga was at the back, warns him—and not without good reason—against the folly he himself has committed. "See," says he, "how I have sacrificed my wife's happiness and my own to a shadow. For I don't love that woman, I don't hate her; I don't even blame her. It is myself I blame and despise." Now this is how men and gentlemen do repent, and how sweeps, and snobs, and hypocrites do not, but lay the blame on somebody else.

The intelligent and loving woman comprehends, and steals towards her penitent with a face all pity and forgiveness; and the reconciliation is effected with chaste rapture in the centre of the stage, and on terms that do not, I admit, suggest more than could be shown, but at all events they promise conjugal fidelity and conjugal felicity in future.

On a general review, whoever reads *Andrea* carefully will find that all the heroine's scenes are exquisite, and the madhouse scene is as droll as some of the practical jokes Molière dealt in largely, yet wrote high comedies, whatever Mr. Morris of the *Times*, who never read him, may fancy; but that the rest of the play is a series of clever irrelevancies. Even *Andrea*'s scenes have one defect—excess of dialogue; and, although I have laboured to cure this defect in *Jealousy*, by drawing Frederick and Kraft into the action; yet I have only modified it, not removed it.

But this modified flaw is balanced by superlative excellencies. The character of *Andrea* is a divine, an immortal, creation: here meet all the charms of womanhood; she is good, gracious, high-bred, gentle, brave, timid, fiery, and weak, by turns; but always loving and tender. She is not a football, like most heroines, but the active agent and Atlas of a five-act play; yet, while she acts she suffers, and every manly heart goes with her. This exquisite creation, which Rachel would have been proud to play—but never had the luck to be offered a modern character of this value—(*) and her scenes with the jeweller—the prefect—Stella—her brother—and her husband, make one priceless dramatic jewel. I found that exquisite jewel vilely cut, and vilely set. I have recut it, and reset it, by the sure rules of art. In doing this I have but performed the humble, but useful, office of the Amsterdam jeweller. Still I have presented my countrymen with a ruby which is above their judgment at present, but as their intelligence advances, will take its place, and keep its place, amongst the immortal jewels of the stage.

I have never met with any public writer who cares for the truth in matters of art, as I do. I shall therefore be rather surprised if you take the trouble to read *Andrea* and know the truth. But that is your affair, not mine. Mine is to show you and your readers my good faith by sending you a copy of *Andrea*, and putting it in your power to confirm, or to annihilate, every statement in this letter.—I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

CHARLES READE.

GREENWICH THEATRE.

SIR,—A paragraph which appears in your issue of May 11th, stating that the "Greenwich Theatre is again closed," is wholly without foundation. At considerable expense the theatre has been renovated and re-decorated, was opened by me on the 20th of April, has never been closed since, nor is there any intention of closing it.—By correcting this in your next issue you will oblige, Sir, yours, &c.,

May 13, 1878.

H. C. SIDNEY.

"UP FOR THE MAY MEETINGS."

Remember us poor Mayers all,
And thus we do begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else die in sin.

THUS ran the old-world quaint song of the merry May Meetings in the olden time, wherewith the noisy boys and rollicking girls awakened good quiet folk at the unearthly hour of three in the morning, as they fastened branches of may upon their street-doors, proportioning the size of the branch to the greatness of their popularity as neighbours; and marking their sense of unpopularity by substituting for it a terrible bunch of nettles, which were, in more senses than one, stinging nettles. The May-meetingers of our artist's sketches do not begin to "lead their lives in righteousness" at so early an hour, or with anything like so great, or so merry a noise, although it is probable enough that some of them have nettles for the ungodly, and blossoming, sweet-smelling branches of praise and admiration for people of their own persuasion. They wear grave, quiet faces, and, good, simple, placid-smiling country folk that they are, endeavour to persuade themselves that Exeter Hall contains the sole things whereby they have been attracted to this vortex of vice and dissipation and temptation, the little village called London. The ladies have brought their work, and their talk is all of benighted heathens and godly missionaries, and worthy preachers, and blessed sermons, collections for charity, holy tea-meetings, and things thereto akin. And yet it strikes us that their lives are much what other people's lives are, neither better nor worse, varying with their natural dispositions, affected by the same changeable or unchanging circumstances. They may flatter themselves that they are set apart from others, but cold makes them shiver, the sun makes them hot, storms drench them, thunder threatens them, and, outside their own pleasant fancies there is little to distinguish their degrees of happiness and satisfaction from those of others who smile at their May Meetings and make fun of their simplicity, and are themselves as funny and simple in other ways as these good folks may be to them.

(*) The modern creations Rachel played were "Adrienne Le Couvreur," "Louise de Lignerolles," and "Lady Tartuffe;" and of these, two are weak things that died a natural death, directly they lost her supernatural support. Such creations as the Magdalen of Collins, or the *Andrea* of Sardou never fell to the lot of that ill-starred actress.

A TOILET GEM.—"Golden Star" Bay Leaf Water, unrivalled as a Toilet Water for its delightful and remarkably delicate aromatic odour. The pleasures and benefits of a bath are increased wonderfully by the addition of a small quantity of it. Extraordinary tonic properties are conceded to it for the nervous and those suffering from headache or fatigue. Buy only the "Golden Star" Bay Leaf Water, which name is registered for protection. Sold by all chemists and perfumers. Depôt 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVR.]

THE DRAMA.

STRAND THEATRE.

AT this favourite establishment Mr. F. C. Burnand appears to be the "man in possession." It must be acknowledged that he proves himself a witty and entertaining occupant. His latest production—*Our Club*—is a comedy written in the happiest vein by the author of "Happy Thoughts." And if smartly written dialogue were alone sufficient to constitute a thoroughly successful dramatic work, *Our Club* would assuredly rank as such. It owns the still further merit of having for its mainspring a very ingeniously contrived imbroglio. Nevertheless the piece has a fault which we fear must prevent it from taking a very strong hold upon the sympathies of playgoers generally. The principal motive has only a secondary interest. The misunderstanding between the two friends, Stanislas Radetski and Henry Lennard, which is the serious plot of the comedy, is too trivial an incident to support three acts, and the scene in which they come to open quarrel, although it is written in all seriousness, catches a burlesque tone from the surrounding circumstances. The abilities of an actor like Mr. W. H. Vernon, whom we have so lately seen interpreting such a superb character as Sir Geoffrey Heriott in *Mammon*, are wasted upon the unthankful task of endeavouring to give force or dignity to so uninteresting a creature as Henry Lennard. Mr. J. G. Grahame, as Radetski, the typical artist of society, has little better opportunity of distinguishing himself. The real interest of *Our Club* is to be found in the side issue of the story, the jealousy of Mrs. Dubuisson (Miss Lottie Venne), who is constantly on the *qui vive* regarding the comings and goings of her husband, Alphonse Dubuisson (Mr. Marius). These two characters are conceived and acted in a genuine comedy manner. Indeed, from the moment Dubuisson, who is secretary of the Eccentric Club, seizes with joy the opportunity of having a holiday on the pretext of going to Lady Crawford's house, to give the character of a servant whose crimes are too awful to be put in writing, the spectator's interest follows him like his wife. The main plot becomes quite a minor attraction. Both Miss Venne and M. Marius act up to each other with a piquancy and finish that are extremely artistic. It seems a pity that this element of the comedy should not have been made more prominent. It is quite evident, however, that Mr. Burnand has written *Our Club* specially for the Strand company, and it must be acknowledged he has fitted each individual member of it with an appropriate part. Miss Ada Swanborough has a gushing widow to play, whose knowledge of the world interferes materially with the course of her affections. Miss Swanborough plays the part, as she has played many similar parts, in an adequate if somewhat too effusive manner. Mr. Penley, who has been steadily working his way into the favour of the Strand audiences, is provided with a capital low comedy part, the Hon. Richard Frobisher, a drawing meddlesome snob, and plays it admirably. Mr. Harry Cox, as Dr. Stannon, a retired physician, who endeavours to monopolise all the club newspapers, gives a clever portraiture of a character which is drawn from life. Mrs. Maria Jones makes a charming elderly lady of Mrs. Wray. Mr. H. J. Turner is the eccentric steward of the Eccentric Club, and Mr. Carter gives a good character sketch of Tom Rippendale, a gardener. Miss Thornton is an exceedingly graceful Nellie. The comedy is excellently mounted. Mr. Hall's scenery is particularly deserving of the warmest praise. *Our Club* in short is a play to be seen. It is followed by that most amusing parody *Dora and Diplomacy*, which, owing to clever acting and Mr. Fitzgerald's enlivening music, goes with unabated merriment.

THE DUKE'S THEATRE.—"ARKWRIGHT'S WIFE."

The reason why this drama has been reproduced at the Duke's Theatre is possibly to be found in the fact that it deals more or less with elements of manufacturing labour that are at the present time placing certain towns in the North of England in a state of what cannot otherwise be described than as civil war. In London, however, playgoers know little and care less about "strikes" which take place in Lancashire. Nevertheless *Arkwright's Wife*, taken by Mr. Tom Taylor from a novel by Mr. John Saunders, contains much that may interest those who know nothing of the districts wherein the scenes are laid, or of the motives that actuate some of the principal characters. There is a great deal of strong dramatic interest in *Arkwright's Wife*. The daughter of Peter Hayes, an inventor and drunkard, is a well-conceived character. The story of the play itself is full of interest. But unfortunately the real motive of the plot is to a great extent ignored in Mr. Tom Taylor's version. It is a great mistake to represent Margaret in the second act as hounded on to desperation by a howling mob before she with her own hands destroys the model of the spinning machine which it has been the labour of her husband's life to perfect. It was in a fit of unreasoning jealousy she destroyed it. And this is a sufficient dramatic motive of itself without the aid of a crowd of "supers." Besides, the play concludes with a scene in which a mob of Blackburn rioters attempt to besiege the house of Arkwright. This scene is in keeping, and fits the last act with a situation that would be most effective did it not come as a repetition of the mob scene in act two. With regard to the acting in *Arkwright's Wife*, at the Duke's Theatre, we can speak with commendation. The piece is well cast throughout. Miss Helen Barry plays Margaret Hayes with real artistic feeling. Miss Barry gets better and better on each fresh occasion that she appears in town, and her performance of *Arkwright's Wife* is most intelligent and impressive. Mr. Henry Forrester plays the part of Peter Hayes, the disappointed inventor, with his accustomed power. But we would counsel him not to affect those inflections of voice which are peculiar to Mr. Henry Irving. Mr. Forrester has no need to copy the mannerisms of any other actor. Mr. Henry Sinclair, as Arkwright, is excellent. He realises the character of the inventive barber with a thoroughness and finish that are highly admirable. In the last act, where he appears as an opulent manufacturer, he does not fall into the almost inevitable error of forgetting his plebeian dialect and manners, but acts the part throughout in a natural and unaffected style. The other parts are well supported.

There is evidently an effort being made upon the part of the new management of the Duke's to restore the fallen fortunes of this rather unfortunate theatre. The last act of *Arkwright's Wife* has a very pretty and effective set scene with a real waterfall.

MRS. MELLON'S BENEFIT.

In this day of superabundant theatrical "benefits" it is pleasant to be able to connect one with the name of so distinguished an artist as Mrs. Alfred Mellon. This lady has always been a credit to the histrionic profession, and this is the first instance we remember of her having a benefit. The estimation in which she is held by her brother and sister artists is proved by the programme of the performances. In the first place the third act of *Guy Manner* was admirably performed. Mr. Sam Emery played (for the first time in London) the part of Dominie Sampson, and very well he played it; Miss Genevieve Ward played Meg Merril. The second act of *Les Cloches de Corneville*

showed Mr. Shiel Barry in his most powerful scene. Mrs. Billington then recited Arthur Matthison's "Little Hero." After which comes what will, perhaps, be the most memorable episode of the entertainment—the second act of *Green Bushes*, with the venerable Madame Celeste, "who kindly left her retirement to appear on this occasion" in her original part. Douglas Jerrold's nautical drama, *Black-Eyed Susan*, followed. It was admirably played by Mr. Howe as the Admiral, Mr. W. Terriss as Captain Cross-tree, Mr. J. H. Barnes as Lieutenant Pike, Mr. W. H. Stephens as Doggrass, Mr. David James as Gnatbrain, Mr. Thomas Thorne as Jacob Twig, Mr. John Clarke as Ploughshare, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as William and Susan, and Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Flockton, and Mr. W. G. Anson as Hatchet, Raker, and Quid. The performance concluded with an "Original Reception and Address," written by Messrs. Byron, Burnand, and Reece. Altogether this testimonial to Mrs. Alfred Mellon was a most worthy tribute to her talents. The performances took place at Drury Lane.

The Little Duke is about to be removed to the St. James's Theatre. Indeed, he is too dainty a little fellow to be kept so far away from the West-end.

The opinions upon Alfred Cellier's new opera, *Belladonna*, are very contradictory. Some say the book is faulty, while others blame the music. Which is it?

A new piece, entitled *Auld Lang Syne*, by Mr. G. L. Gordon, will be produced shortly at the Park Theatre.

The benefit for Mrs. John Carter is postponed.

A new piece by Mr. W. G. Wills is in active rehearsal at the Lyceum. *Louis XI.* has not proved a "draw," but there is no truth in the report that Mr. Irving is about to relinquish his rôle.

At a general meeting of dramatic authors held some weeks ago Mr. Paul Merritt succeeded in obtaining a requisition signed by the leading playwrights of the day for the radical reform of the Dramatic Authors' Society. The members of the said society have responded to the requisition, and the result will be a reliable agency conducted on strictly business lines, to which dramatic authors may entrust their works without fear.

On the 22nd instant, an afternoon performance will be given in aid of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, now building for Stratford-on-Avon, at the Gaiety Theatre. A comedietta, called *Eyes Right*, adapted from the French by Miss Kate Field, whose untiring energy and enthusiasm in the cause deserves the heartiest recognition, will be produced, in which she will herself play. This will be followed by scenes from *Romeo and Juliet*, *As You Like It*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Henry VIII.*; and in the course of the afternoon, for the first time in England the telephone will render audible Shaksperian airs, played several miles away on the telephone-harp, an American invention. Amongst the artists who have promised their assistance are Miss Neilson, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kendal, Mr. H. B. Conway, Miss Genevieve Ward, Mr. J. Maclean, Miss Ada Cavendish, and Miss Kate Pattison.

Mr. E. Righton takes his first benefit at the Globe Theatre on Wednesday morning next, when *London Assurance* will be revived. The cast is marvellously strong and attractive.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

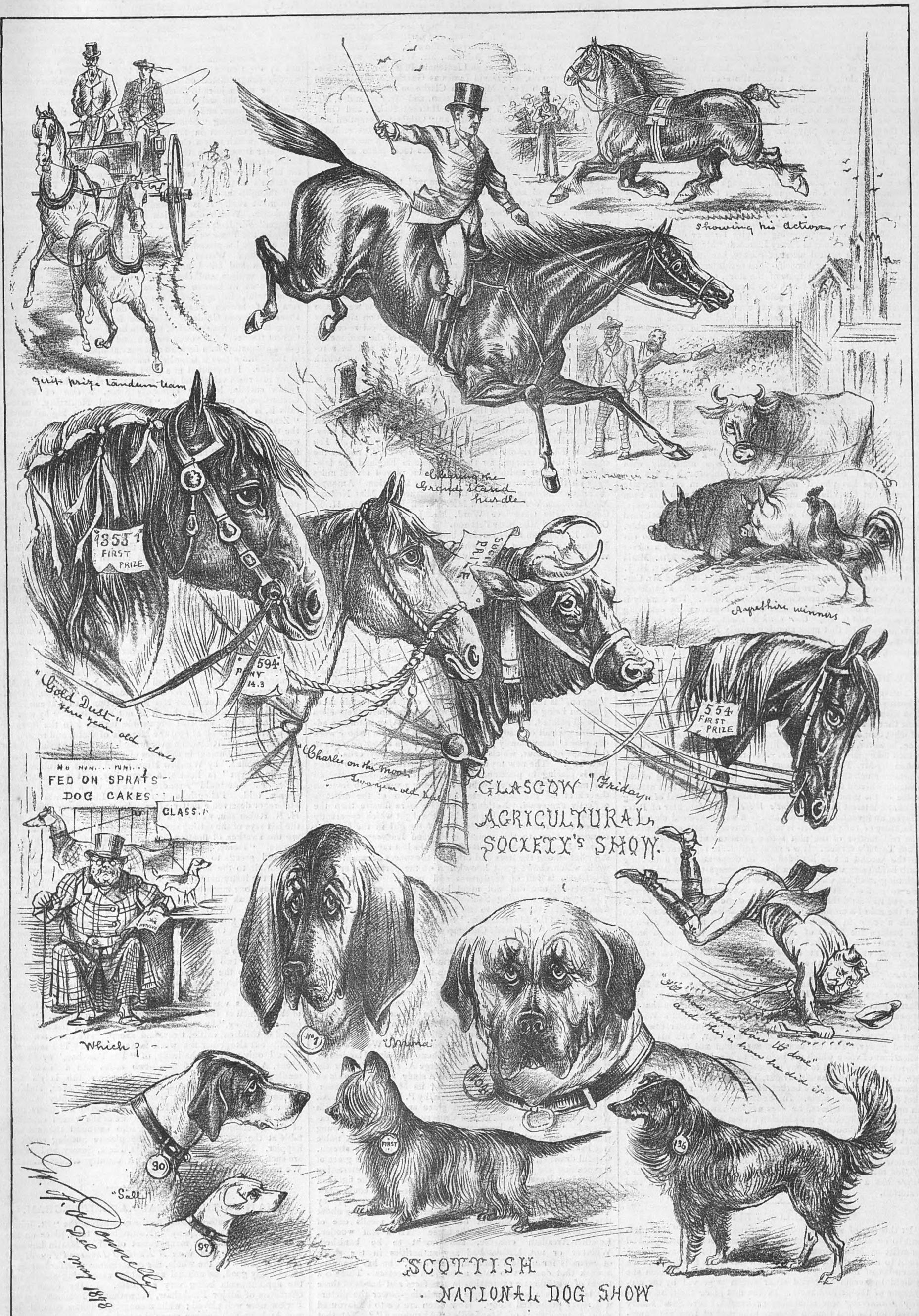
[SECOND NOTICE.]

In beginning our second pilgrimage through the Galleries we notice in number one "Mrs. Langtry: a Sketch," by H. Weighall, and cannot help wondering why it was admitted. Sketch or no sketch, it is a coarse bit of work, with nothing either in drawing, colour, or treatment to recommend it. By-the-way, is it like the reigning beauty? If it is, the portraits by Millais and Poynter (which will be noticed in due course) are curiously idealised. A large landscape by C. E. Johnson, entitled "The Timber Waggon," is remarkable for many fine qualities, a certain air of grandeur being one of these. The waggon and horses themselves are well painted, and are in the right place. After noting an admirable portrait of Lady Acland, by Cyrus Johnson (whose work this year is marvellously good), we come upon a *tour de force* in the shape of colour, which the artist, C. N. Kennedy, calls "The New Toy." The new toy is a Chinese Lantern which a fair young lady is placing in position, having lit the candle inside. Behind her are other girls, one of whom is closing a window to increase the effect of the lamplight. The intention of the artist is perfectly expressed. Nothing could be more illusive than the luminous colour of the lamp, while the light which apparently effuses therefrom illuminates the face of the girl in the happiest manner. Next to this picture is a grand landscape—"Forest Scene: Evening"—by Carl Rodeck. The last rays of the setting sun glint among the trees and brighten the spaces between. This work, which shows great knowledge on the part of the artist of tree-forms, is full of tenderness and poetry. It is a picture to covet if one did not mind breaking the commandment. "In 1740, seven daring Scottish Jacobites signed an association, engaging themselves to risk their lives and fortunes for the restoration of the Stuart family." Such is the text, from "Tales of a Grandfather," for Claude Calthrop's "Meeting of Scottish Jacobites," a really excellent picture, and remarkable, inasmuch as it may be taken to indicate the maturity of powers which have aforetime shown a tendency to run riot in unexpected directions. Never other than skilful, Mr. Calthrop has occasionally, in spite of his mastery over "the material," given his admirers pause. It is pleasant, therefore, to find in this soberly painted dramatic incident ripened evidences of the technical knowledge and force which were present years since in "The Girondists," and other early works. The story is well told. A beautiful head by J. Parker, but placed too high for inspection, is worth the notice of those visitors who are provided with opera glasses. We would also draw attention to J. Watney Wilson's honestly-painted landscape, "Before the busy hum of day," George A. Holmes, under the title of "Country Courtship," exhibits a study, a pair of owls on a perch. The picture is remarkable for its Marks-like humour. A portrait of Mrs. Bayley Worthington, by P. H. Calderon, R.A., is commendable for its unaffected grace and the dexterity with which the various textures of the drapery and accessories are expressed. "Fallen," a landscape by A. Parsons (a very young painter by the way), will attract by its impressiveness. A noble tree has "fallen from its high estate" and lies across a stream. Careful drawing, a pleasing key of colour, and unaffected grace of composition are the principal characteristics of this interesting work. In "Rose Time," by Louisa Starr, we have the figure of a girl that might have been painted by Leslie—if he could draw as well as Miss Starr. This brings us to "A showery day," by Vicat Cole, R.A. Sky, trees, sodden herbage, everything about this picture (which, without being at all like recalls one of Constable's) we relish, except the horse. 'Tis a stiff, wooden, Lowther-Arcadian creature, and ought to be banished. Whether or not Millais had any authorities in the shape of portraits for "The Princes in the Tower," he has produced a work that deserves to rank among his successes. There is a world of wistful eerie expression in the faces and hands of these fair boys. As a mere example of painting-power the picture will repay prolonged study. How often are we to be favoured with a repetition of Stanfield's "Abandoned"? Not that Lauritz Holst's sly "Derelict: Morning after the Storm" is at all a bad picture. "Psyche," by E. M. Busk, is more a Book

of Beauty nymph, than she whom W. Morris created to inhabit his "Earthly Paradise." It is refreshing to meet with F. Goodall, R.A., elsewhere than in the arid East. "Oxhey Place, Herts," is a pleasing landscape, and the cattle are painted in a manner that would do honour to Davis, R.A. Note, too, the truthfulness of "Waste Land," a landscape by J. Aumonier. A portrait of the Right Hon. Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas, skied! Tell it not in St. Stephen's, whisper it not in the Courts of Westminster! E. U. Eddis cannot be warmly congratulated on the work of his hands, however sincerely he may rejoice to think that the Hanging Committee gave it a place on the walls of the Exhibition. Let us be mild, in view of the sitter, and avouch that we have seen better portraits. While abominating "Sick-Child" pictures in general, we must make an exception in favour of Walter S. Stacey's "Out of Danger," which tells a cheery story in a wholesome way. The youngster is seated in the mother's lap while the fisherman-father shows him the model of a ship. At the sight of the toy the little fellow's eyes brighten with pleasure. The big brother, or father's mate, smiles approval of the interview. The story is well thought-out, and is well told in respect of drawing and colour with great skill. It is essentially a work for the engraver to popularise. Which observation likewise applies to "Richard Savage," W. Holyoake's one contribution to the Exhibition. Why, in the name of common fairness, was this touching page from a tragic life placed where it is impossible to discern its manifold beauties? Writes Macaulay, concerning Richard Savage: "His pen had failed him. He now lived by begging. He dined on venison and champagne whenever he had been so fortunate as to borrow a guinea. If his questing had been unsuccessful, he appeased the rage of hunger with some scraps of broken meat, and lay down to rest under the Piazza of Covent Garden." Here he is, with his sad, swarthy visage turned to the spectator, book in hand, "under the Piazza of Covent Garden." A young woman and a little girl, their faces full of sympathy, lean forward and gaze at him. The expression in the child's face is singularly felicitous, and the entire work admirable. It is painted in a quiet key of colour. A portrait of a boy in brown velvet and red sash, who stands in front of a yellow curtain, looking comically fierce, is one of W. A. Orchartson's contributions. "Conditional Neutrality," as he calls it, is clever, but scarcely up to the artist's highest mark. "Zenobia Captive," by E. J. Poynter, R.A., carries us back to the time ere he was taken captive by dragons and similarly uncanny cattle. It is splendidly modelled, and the flesh is almost fleshy. Val. C. Prinsep has seldom produced a better bit of colour than his "Study of a Kashmire Nautch Girl," or J. Pettie, R.A., a more ambitious failure, in the same direction, than "The Hour," a figure of a Spanish lady in a red dress and black lace veil. The hour has come, and the man cannot be far off. She carries a mask as she carefully descends the stair. The red dress is uncomfortably leathery and sticky in texture, and the whole work, despite some clever passages, is disappointing. "The Course of True Love never did Run Smooth," by J. C. Dollman, takes us back to—Gretna Green. A coach, which had contained the runaway couple, has broken down in the snow. In the not remote distance the pursuers are seen on the fugitives' track. A rescue is imminent—a catastrophe which does not seem to disturb the grimly humorous post-boys in the least. The would-be bridegroom, on the contrary, does not seem easy in his mind. A tender landscape (52), closed in by trees, and a thatched farmstead, by Frank Walton; "Women Moulding Water Jars, Algeria," by Edgar Barclay, an excellent work by one who will yet realise the high promise of his remarkable *début*; and an up-the-river landscape, called "The Glow Before Decay," are amongst the most noteworthy pictures in this portion of the First Gallery. Whilst there is a demand for the kind of sacred art which J. R. Herbert, R.A., produces—well, let him produce it. Concerning the smooth Germanesque "Our Lord after His Resurrection," all that can fairly be said in its favour is that it is not offensive. Why will G. Richmond, R.A., put that impossible texture into the faces of his portraits? Look at (59) the Marquis of Bath, and regret, as we did, that Mr. Richmond ever forsook crayons for paint. There is considerable humour in the faces of the two "Cotton Pickers, North Carolina," by Winslow Homer, and in the "Nubian Captives in Egypt" (a lioness, a negro boy, and a monkey), by Mde. E. Courtauld Arendrup, we have a pathetic story, simply told. Pellegrini's portrait of Lieut. James R. D. McGregor deserved a better place. In "A Summer Flood," by H. R. Robertson, we have a broad level landscape, warm with the last rays of the setting sun. Two figures engaged in recovering the swathes of floating hay give animation to this pleasing picture. "Home, Sweet Home," by G. D. Leslie, R.A., will not add greatly to his reputation. A group of girls sing the familiar air to the accompaniment of a piano. A window open behind the instrument discloses a glimpse of placid country. The artist has done much better work than this. It would be impossible to speak too highly of the portrait of Lieut.-Col. Lloyd Lindsay, by W. Ouless, A.R.A. The gallant officer and M.P. wears a grey uniform, upon which are displayed the Victoria Cross and other Orders. The hands, as is invariably the case in Mr. Ouless's portraits, are masterpieces of subtle modelling. In "Friends or Foes," by H. G. Glindoni, we have a lonely road, along which two figures, male and female, are furtively going, dubious as to the intentions of a couple of highwaymen, who, hiding their pistols, await with mock obeisance the approach of their victims. Why the portrait of General Lord Rokeby, by Chas. Lutjens, was admitted, it would be difficult to say. The ways of the Council of the Royal Academy are inscrutable. "Come on—come along," by Otto Weber, is a charming pastoral, composed of children, cattle, trees, and sheep. The trees are rather woolly, but altogether the work is satisfactory. The same may be said, only more emphatically, of "The Post-bag," by Marcus Stone, A.R.A. Three figures—two males and a female—are reading their letters. The expression on the lady's face is finely conveyed. The scene is an open terrace, and the costume that of the last century. "A Country Cricket Match, Sussex," by John R. Reid, shows less of the game than would satisfy a lover of it; but in respect of the varied character of the spectators, old and young, who surround the tent and table at the left-hand corner of the picture nothing could be happier. Not only in Sussex, but in Kent, Surrey, and Hants are such spectators to be seen at "a country cricket match." We must now pause in our pilgrimage.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT NOTTINGHAM.

A DRAMATIC entertainment by the members of the "St. John's Amateur Dramatic Company" (Nottingham) took place on the 9th inst., under the able management of Mr. J. Martin Langley. The pieces represented were *A Hundred Thousand Pounds* and *Box and Cox*. On the whole, the performance was, for amateurs, exceedingly good, an unusual amount of care being shown, and the appointments being very complete. In the comedy the characters of Major Blackshaw, Pennythorne, Pyefinch, and Joe Barlow were well played; while amongst the ladies, Mrs. Barlow and Arabella Bell deserve especial mention. The entertainment was given in aid of the funds of St. John the Baptist's Schools, and a handsome sum was realised.



CRICKET, ATHLETICS, &c.

THE Australian cricketers arrived in Liverpool at about eleven p.m. on Monday night in the Inman Company's steamer, the City of Berlin, which sailed from New York on Saturday, the 4th. They wisely stayed on board all night, and on Tuesday morning started for Nottingham, where they play their first match against the lace-county on Monday next and following days. On their arrival they were received by an enthusiastic crowd, and from the Midland station they were driven to the Maypole in a coach-and-four, and after a luncheon (of course) an adjournment was made to the Trent Bridge Ground where some practice of a mild description was indulged in. If what all I hear, from one pretty well qualified to judge, be true, it will take more than an average eleven to give a satisfactory account of them, but in my humble opinion the best test of their qualifications will be the match at Prince's, where they are to meet the Gentlemen of England, and as the latter almost invariably give the Players a good "tying up" the match may be almost reckoned as equivalent to that of England v. Australia. On Monday week they "make their first appearance in the metropolis," as the play-bills say, and at Lord's will contend against the Marylebone Club and Ground. Should the weather prove more favourable than it has been of late, the visitors may be certain of two things, viz., a hearty reception, and, what perhaps they will value quite as much, a splendid wicket, as Pearce, the indefatigable ground-keeper at headquarters, has been looking after the turf as carefully as a hen with one chicken. Through the kindness of a correspondent at Nottingham I am enabled to give the probable lists of the players for Monday next, which have been sent to me as follows:—Notts: Messrs. A. W. Cursham and R. Tolley, Barnes, Daft, Flowers, Morley, Oscroft, Selby, A. Shaw, A. Shrewsbury, and Wild. Australians: Allan, A. and C. Bannerman, Bailey, Blackham, Boyle, Garnett, Horan, Murdock, Spofforth, Gregory, and Gibbes.

After being 90 runs behind in the first innings Cambridge University managed to beat All England—so-called—by 79 runs on Saturday last. England required 137 to win, but could only succeed in scoring 57, of which Mr. W. R. Gilbert made 25 and Mr. W. G. Grace 11. There were two absentees be it noted, a circumstance which nowadays occurs too often, but should any unfortunate reporter make special comment of the fact that Mr. So-and-So failed to put in an appearance on the third day, the vials of that gentleman's wrath are completely emptied on the head of the unfortunate scribe the next time he meets the offending party, who also takes particular care to inform him that he, Mr. So-and-So, is not a paid player, and if he finds a substitute, &c. For these reasons, therefore, I forbear to mention names, but will get rid of the subject by quoting the following lines from "Hudibras":—

When caps into a crowd are thrown,
What each man fits, he thinks his own.

Last year, unless my memory deceives me, England and Marylebone played an extraordinarily close match at Lord's, and history has repeated itself this year in the same contest on Monday and Tuesday last. In consequence of the heavy rain on Sunday night and early on Monday morning, the ground was dreadfully heavy and dead, and small scores only were made by either side. The club went in first, but could only succeed in making 93, of which Mr. W. G. Grace claimed 47 and Wild 11. Watson, Midwinter, and Emmett were the only three bowlers engaged in the attack during the first innings of Marylebone, the Australian, who bowled throughout, obtaining 5 wickets in 48 overs for 52 runs,

while Emmett secured 5 wickets in 18 overs for 16 runs. England did not make a much better show at their first attempt, 115 being the length of their tether, of which number Shrewsbury was responsible for 30 (a good performance), Ulyett for 18 (not out), Emmett 18, and Lockwood 11. Shaw bowled 56 (37 maiden) overs for 44 runs and 6 wickets, Mr. W. G. Grace 34 (13 maiden)

cover-point. With the total at 21 Ulyett was secured by square-leg, and with the addition of 5 more runs three more wickets fell, Lockwood being "leg before" to Hearne, Shrewsbury playing a ball from Shaw on to his wicket, and Jupp being completely stuck up by the next one. Mr. G. F. Grace was missed by Mr. Bird off Shaw's bowling before scoring, but was caught and bowled in the same over. (in for 28.) Mr. Gilbert then joined Emmett, who was smartly stumped by Wild off Shaw at 33 for seven wickets, and then Midwinter (who was nearly caught and bowled by Hearne), and Mr. Gilbert made the 4 runs requisite and England thus won by 3 wickets. Shaw and Hearne bowled excellently, the respective analyses being as follows:—Shaw: 16 overs and 2 balls, 11 maidens, 11 runs, 4 wickets. Hearne: 12 overs, 6 maidens, 17 runs, 3 wickets.

At the annual sports of the Edmonton C.C., held at Pyne's Park on Saturday afternoon last, there was some good racing witnessed by a large contingent of spectators, and the gathering was a notable contrast to that of last year, when miserable weather completely spoilt all pleasure. In the Mile (Open) Handicap, and 100 Yards (Open) Handicap, the lovers of good analyses had a treat, as so thoroughly had the former thereof, Mr. T. Griffith, done his devoir, that the former race, with the good field of seventeen starters, after a desperate struggle between the placed men all the way, resulted in favour of M. Smith, L.A.C., 65, by a yard, while N. Turner, S.H., 45, defeated his club mate, W. A. Tyler, 65, by four yards for second honours. Time, 4min 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. In the 100 Yards the judges alone could separate the men at the conclusion, the final heat being well worth a far longer journey to witness, and being decided thus:—H. Allan, S.H. and L.A.C., scratch, first; W. Denison, E.D.C.C., 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, second; W. J. Don Bavand, S.H., 7, third; S. H. Baker, L.A.C., 8, fourth; intervals of six inches only being the verdict. Time, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

My old corps, the Victorias, celebrated its eleventh annual assault-at-arms and athletic sports at the head-quarters, Marlborough Place, St. John's Wood, on Saturday last, when an appreciative assemblage witnessed the various events. These, however interesting to those intimately concerned, do not call for any lengthy comment. In the 100 Yards C. E. Duffield was successful by two yards, C. S. Horne being second. E. Rhodes had the finish of the 400 Yards entirely to himself, his nearest opponents retiring when pursuit was hopeless. The Mile fell to H. C. Browne, L. P. Collins being second, beaten forty yards. The 600 Yards Strangers' Race was a gift to the Gaels, as three members of the London Scottish filled the foremost positions. M'Glashan cut out the work at a strong pace for the major portion of the journey, when Tulloch dashed past, and won a good race by five yards; Gibson, waiting just too long, beat M'Glashan a yard for second; the representatives of the Artists, the other corps represented, being nowhere.

The Alleynians held their annual sports on Saturday last, on the delightfully situated and picturesque grounds belonging to the college at Dulwich, the attendance being numerous and comprising the élite of the vicinity. The programme was necessarily lengthy, but, owing to the spirit of *camaraderie* prevailing among the officials, not the smallest hitch occurred. G. Fitzgerald threw the cricket-ball 96 2-3 yards, and won easily. W. W. Ord, the winner of the mile, running with consummate judgment, won on the post from E. A. Delcomyn second, and W. G. Wyld third. M. H. Clifford carried off the pole-jump at 8ft, but subsequently cleared 8ft 9in. R. E. Blair beat J. W. Ormiston by a yard in the second-class 440 yards, A. E. Skinner being third; and also carried off the high-jump in the same class at 4ft 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The Races for Old Alleynians were thus decided: 300 Yards, A. Meredith first, S. Crossley second, H. J. Turner third; won by

MR. CHARLES SUGDEN.

overs for 43 runs and 3 wickets, and Mycroft 20 (11 maiden) overs for 23 runs and 1 wicket. M.C.C. in their second innings could only realise 58, Mr. W. G. Grace being bowled by Emmett for a single. Mr. J. Russel topped the score with 19, Flowers being second with a good 14 (not out), while Mr. Bird put together 12. Emmett secured 4 wickets in 42 (26 maiden) overs at a cost of 25 runs, and Watson 5 wickets in 23 (17 maiden) overs for 10 runs only. The second innings of England must be dealt with rather fully, as it deserves. Daft and Ulyett commenced the batting, 37 runs only being required to win. Shaw and Morley were first deputed to bowl, but the latter gave way to G. G. Hearne when 10 had been made. Ulyett was badly missed by a substitute for Mycroft, who had sprained his neck, but when 20 runs had been obtained, of which he had contributed 16, Daft was easily caught at



SCENE FROM "THE LITTLE DUKE," AT THE PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.

4 yards in 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 120 Yards Hurdle, Strickland first, Meredith second, Turner third; time, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. 120 Yards Flat-race, Peterson and Meredith ran a dead heat, the decider resulting easily in favour of the first-named in 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. The proceedings terminated with three and four legged consolation races, after which the distribution of the *spolia opima* brought a most enjoyable *réunion* to a conclusion.

Uxbridge C.C. brought its annual athletic meeting to a most successful issue this day week, on its own ground, the plethoric programme being ably carried out by a painstaking and energetic committee. In the 100 Yards (Club) Race the "flight" of F. Heron, scratch, landed him a winner by half-a-yard from T. W. H. Lindsey, 3, second, H. Heron, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, being third. The 120 Yards (Open) Flat-race once more showed excellent handicapping, W. Bisiker, S.L.H., 13 $\frac{1}{2}$, being returned as winner by a foot; J. G. Wylie, Wanderers' F.C., 7 $\frac{1}{2}$, running second; and R. J. Irvine, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 9, third, half-a-yard intervening. In the Two Miles Walking Handicap, J. J. Loe, Fore-street Warehouse C.C. 65sec, retained the lead throughout, and won by 20 yards from O. Weatherhead, Maidenhead F.C., 64, second; B. Nichols, Jun., and C. M. Callow, both of the L.A.C., finishing third and fourth, the former being but a yard in rear of Weatherhead; time, 16min 24sec. O. Mayill, introduced, 100, won the Mile Running Open Handicap somewhat easily by 5 yards; C. H. Larette, Spartans, 35, being second; and C. H. Mawby, of the same club, scratch, third, beaten 30 yards; time, 4min 51sec. C. O'Malley, L.A.C., scratch, had no difficulty in landing the 1500 Yards' Steeplechase by 20 yards, B. Smith, L.A.C., 65, occupying second, and R. Butler, St. Paul's C.C., 80, third position.

Although the inaugural meeting of the Bicycle Union Championships, held at Stamford-Bridge on Saturday last, was not, as could have been desired, a complete success, the management may, nevertheless, be congratulated, as both the long and short races produced fine and entrancing struggles, the times in the 25 mile race being far ahead of hitherto amateur performances, and but 63 1-5sec behind Keen's best form. A great surprise was in store for the spectators by the third heat in the 2 miles failing to produce a race, especially as Wyndham was coloured for this, and the total absence of Osborne from the entries was also a prolific source of conversation. G. F. Beck, L.B.C., won the first heat easily, much to the astonishment of the *cognoscenti*, as Thorne, L.B.C., appeared to have the race at his mercy until the beginning of the last lap, where, however, Beck came clear away from him. The second heat eventuated in a walk over for the Hon. I. Keith-Falconer, C.U. Bicycle Club, A. A. Wills, Daik Blue B.C., and J. Parr, Leicester B.C., evidently "funking" the Cantab. The final was a treat to the lovers of fine riding, as Falconer, though getting just a *soufflon* the best of the start, and leading by about 3 yards on the completion of the first circuit, by no means shook off Beck, who, contenting himself with just lying a yard or so behind for the greater portion of the journey, made a grand effort as the tocsin sounded for the last lap, and, as the riders turned into the sprint-path for home, the enthusiasm grew most vehement, Beck's fine bid for victory being, however, destined to be fruitless, as the gigantic representative of the Light Blue, having most left in him, succeeded in stalling off the challenge, and landed himself a gallant winner by a yard and a half in 6min 30 1-5sec. Thirteen competitors appeared at the post for the 25 miles race; but, on the conclusion of the first mile, Keith-Falconer, Weir, McWilliam, and Percival were to the fore. As it would be superfluous to note the changes that occurred during the whole of this long encounter, it will suffice to say that at the commencement of the 96th lap the order was Weir, Falconer, and McWilliam; but as, of course, his previous victory had taken much of the steel out of Falconer, he resigned the contest when he had nearly completed 24 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles, leaving the battle to be fought out between Weir and McWilliam, the former eventually winning by 100 yards in 1 hour 27min 47 2-5sec, McWilliam occupying precisely 8 1-5sec longer; Tyler was third, 1 hour 31min 46sec, and Venables, 1 hour 34min 55 3-5sec, fourth.

Those whose misfortune it is to attend many of the chief athletic meetings and to require some slight refreshment during the afternoon, must have been struck with the exorbitant charges and the second-rate quality of the food and drink generally provided, stale buns and horribly dry sandwiches having to be washed down with boot-top sherry or bottled beer of "No-one-in-particular's" bottling. Now, thanks to the executive of the L.A.C., it is possible at Stamford Bridge Grounds to sustain the inner man with edibles and potables alimentative and refreshing; as the catering has been entrusted to those who fully understand the doctrine of zymology as well as the more cunning and crafty tickling of the palate with anything but "funeral baked meats." While on the subject of Stamford Bridge, I may mention that a few days since, by the special invitation of Inspector Wenham, of the T Division of Police, Walham Green District, I went to hear the band of his sub-division. Their bandmaster is Mr. J. S. King, and under his tuition they have advanced marvellously in proficiency since last I heard them, which was, I believe, at Lillie Bridge. On the 7th inst. they played in front of Kensington Palace, and Mr. Wenham tells me that he hopes to pay that sylvan retreat a second visit ere long by special invitation.

EXON.

CHARLES SUGDEN.

In the Autumn of 1869 Mr. Charles Sugden commenced his professional career at Brighton in some obscure part, and under the name of Charles Neville. There he remained until the following season, when he obtained an engagement for the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, where he retained the same lowly station he had held at Brighton, but became conspicuous for the steady earnestness and cheerful readiness with which he undertook all the parts entrusted to him, and the conscientious manner in which he played them. Such an actor was valuable and was tolerably sure to attract attention. Mrs. Wyndham, taking a sincere interest in his advancement, introduced him to the business of leading young men, which Mr. Wyndham was then abandoning. While playing in *New Men and Old Acres*, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, in Liverpool, he was seen by Mr. H. J. Montague, who engaged him for the Globe Theatre, where he made his *début* before a London audience as Ernest, in Byron's *Partner for Life*. But he first came before London playgoers as an actor of the highest class at the Olympic, where, under the management of Mr. Henry Neville, as King William, in *Clancarty*, he assumed a position of considerable importance, and took his own name, under which he has ever since played. In *The Two Orphans*, and as Charles in *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville, a part which he played for three hundred nights, he acquired increasing popularity, leading to his engagement by Mr. Bancroft to play Captain Bradford in *Peril*, a part which he played with remarkable subtlety and refinement of conception and expression, and much power. His great scene with Lady Ormond, in which he so powerfully depicted intense tenderness, growing into passionate desire, and culminating in recklessness and desperation, was particularly fine. Of this scene, as our readers may remember, we gave a sketch. Mr. Sugden is now playing a subordinate part at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, which he leaves in July next, to go—we have not heard where; but doubtless so clever an actor will not long be absent from the boards, if at all.

SPORTING CELEBRITIES.

SIR TATTON SYKES.

SIR TATTON SYKES, Bart., last of a race of fine old English gentlemen, whose generous love of sport was for sport's sake, and who bore through life a character for manly courage, honesty, and true nobility of which every sporting man cannot but be proud, was born in the ancestral mansion of his family at Sledmore, Yorkshire, in 1772. Descended from the Sykes, of Sykes Dyke, in Cumberland, a family which for four hundred years proudly held its own amongst the landed gentry of Yorkshire, and the son of a Member of Parliament, whose services in the cause of agricultural improvement are still gratefully remembered, the name of Sir Tatton Sykes was soon as sweet in the nostrils of those who were glad to be his neighbours, and proud to be his tenants, as his father's had been before him. Those who have seen him in his old-world costume—boots, breeches, and spotless white shirt-frill—cannot easily forget the quiet, courteous, softly-speaking sportsman, whose fame as a spirited Turfite, and one of the finest riders in the world, and a gallant M.F.H. who for years hunted without subscription his own foxhounds, cannot well be dimmed by time. Turning to a veteran in the journalistic field of sport—*Bailey's Magazine*, the number for January, 1861, when Sir Tatton was living—we call a few choice anecdotes:—

"We can easily imagine the smallness that a certain smart gentleman must have felt in Stockton Forest, some twenty years ago, when after hallooing to the hounds, and receiving no attention, he exclaimed within earshot of Sir Tatton, who was galloping on the other side of the hedge, 'I would not give a d— for hounds that will not come to halloo!' and hearing the mild reply, 'My hounds never attend to what silly people say.' Under that simple demeanour lies the heart of a lion. When a young man, few could tackle him with the gloves, and fewer still wished to do so without them. He stands over six feet high and has a long reach. The use he could make of his fist was experienced by two drovers at about the date of his buying the sheep before mentioned. He was again acting for himself in the cattle market, and ordered a 'pitcher of ale' at the bar of an inn. One of the ruffians took it up and drank it; Mr. Sykes said not a word but ordered another, when the fellow's companion called out, 'Yes, let Jenn have another.' He drank the ale, buttoned his coat, told ruffian number one to stand up, thrashed him to his heart's content (?), and then turning round to ruffian number two, served him precisely the same. His fondness for attending a cattle-fair still continues. He was one of the first men seen at York Michaelmas fair in October last. Fatigue was in former years a word unknown to him; the distances he has travelled on horseback will, ere these railway times have grown old, be deemed fabulous. It was his invariable rule to ride from Sledmore to London, when he had occasion to visit the metropolis (of which he was not fond); and until very lately had not entered a railway carriage. Upon the death of his tailor some few years ago, he rode to London to find a new one, selected for himself a fresh knight of the thimble, and slept at Barnet on his homeward journey the same night. When a young man, he has been known to set out on horseback to ride a horse in a race for a friend, and start for home again immediately after weighing in, the distance being little short of four hundred miles.

"His breeding-stud is at the present time the largest in England, numbering upwards of two hundred horses and mares of all ages. His stud groom, Snarry, has been with him half a century, and acts as his *fidus Achates* on all occasions when Sir Tatton has made a mistake in naming any pedigree for which he may have been asked. Should the baronet not be precisely correct as to dam or grandam, the faithful Snarry intervenes with, 'Nay, nay, Sir Tatton; dam by Hampton; grandam, not dam, by Comus, or similar corrections. As an owner of racehorses, we trace his name in the annals of Weatherby to the year 1803, with Telemachus at Middleham; and in 1805, when he won a sweepstakes of five guineas each (twenty-five subscribers), gentleman riders, on Hudibras at Malton. Five years later we find him in a match of four miles with Theresa at Doncaster, five hundred guineas each, owners to ride. He continued to keep a few horses in training up to 1833, chiefly for the pleasure of riding them himself, Malton being his favourite place for displaying the orange and purple. His last time of riding a winner, his own property, was for the Welham Cup, at that town, in 1829. His horse's name might well be applied to its owner, 'All heart and no Peel.' He has a heart, indeed, that fears neither trouble or difficulty: he would have gone last month to El Hamy Pacha's sale at Cairo, if he could have prevailed upon any friend to accompany him on the journey: he would like, he said, to stand beside the auctioneer's box, as he does by Messrs. Tattersall, at York and Doncaster. That he has stood there pretty often, every man knows who knows Doncaster. His words, after bidding three thousand guineas for Fandango in September last, are yet fresh in our ears: 'Knock him down, Mr. Tattersall, knock him down; we want to go to the races.' And he did go, and he sent for The Druid to introduce Tom Sayers to him; and a ring was formed in the stand enclosure, and the people stood still to admire the octogenarian pupil of Jackson shake hands with the little ex-champion of England. He once showed pluck to the father of Mr. Tattersall. He was already in the yellow leaf, when the two went together to the theatre at Doncaster, and were sitting on the back row of the boxes. A person afterwards came in with a cigar in his mouth, which, as some ladies were in the box, he was requested to put out. The man refused, and Mr. Tattersall, who, though lame, was strong, opened the door with one hand and swung the fellow out with the other. The aged baronet immediately jumped up, buttoned his coat, and said in his mild way, 'Leave him to me, sir; if he comes back, leave him to me, sir.' The man came not. Although ever ready, like Nelson, to clear for action, his nature was disposed towards quietness and peace. Who, that was present, can forget his advice to the eccentric Bill Scott, when mounted for the St. Leger of 1846, on the horse that bore his honoured name? An earl, whose knowledge of the merits of 'Iago' led him to think that Frank Butler would do the trick on him, said to Scott, 'You won't win to-day, Bill.' 'You be d—d,' was the rude retort of the spoilt jockey. Sir Tatton was at hand, and called out in his own mild way, 'Don't be rude, William, don't be rude, and I will lead your horse back if you win.' He did win, Sir Tatton Sykes led him back to the weighing-house, and a portrait of the horse and baronet was executed by the able hand of Herring senior, for Messrs. Bailey.

"As a Master of foxhounds Sir Tatton Sykes may vie in popularity with any gentleman in England now alive, the great and glorious Squire Farquharson, of Dorsetshire, not even excepted. Although he was not, like that bright example, in office for half a century, he kept hounds until he had passed his seventieth year, and only resigned the horn at last to Mr. Willoughby (now Lord Middleton) after his son had avowed his determination not to accept it. He took the hounds as a portion of the hereditary estate, and kept them on for a quarter of a century. No hounds-servants were ever better mounted—a fact easily accounted for, when the Master's judgment in horseflesh and enormous breeding establishment is taken into consideration. With the Sledmore pack Carter, the son, followed Carter, the father, who had many a time and oft in the days of his youth heard the cheer of Hugo Meynell, 'the king of all men.' He could tell—

'Of horses and hounds, and the system of kennel,
The Leicestershire nags, and the hounds of old Meynell.'

and right well did he, with such an education, know how to go on the thoroughbreds across the wolds of Yorkshire. The use of a large breeding-stud in a hunting country is better appreciated by no man than by Mr. Hall, of the Holderness, whose stable could boast of many supplies from Sledmore. Sir Tatton's kennels were at Eddlethorpe, fifteen miles from Sledmore; but the baronet's early habits and carelessness of fatigue nullified the distance. He waited not for 'cock to crow, or day to dawn,' but was frequently at Carter's elbow by candlelight. His ride to change his tailor—not his dress—proves how little he thought of a journey on horseback; but that he thought during the journey, he gave proof on the occasion of the sale of the stud of his late Majesty King William the Fourth. He had ridden from Sledmore to Hampton Court Paddocks, to look at the stock, and had ridden home again: an Arabian mare had tickled his fancy, and on the day of sale he repeated the ride and bought her. Despite his liking for horses, he takes no delight in carriages. A ride in his gig is fraught with danger: the vehicle itself might serve as a study for Jonathan Oldbuck. He has almost as great a dislike for equipages as he evidenced for a pair of trousers, in which he once in his life 'bedizened himself' to do honour to his Queen, but which he doffed as 'nasty things,' within half an hour of quitting the royal presence. Our notion of a scarlet coat is precisely in accordance with this all-beloved old baronet: it is the garb of a gentleman in the hunting field; and such he deemed it on the 10th of last month, when the writer of this article saw him 'in pink' at Settrington; and he wished to have been on the following morning at Grand Cairo! The baronet, his man, Jacob Snarry, and his favourite old horse are indeed characters in their way. The servant has been on the premises forty-nine, and the horse twenty-one years. The master is proud of them, and often says, 'My horse and I are 109 years old.' We will merely say, in conclusion, that no better or more liberal landlord exists in the dominions of Queen Victoria than Sir Tatton Sykes, of Sledmore."

And with this extract, for want of space, our notice of the glorious old Sporting Baronet of the old school perforce must close.

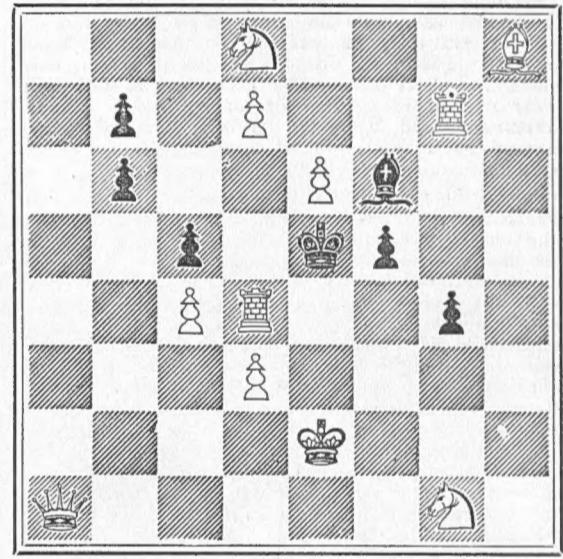
CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. TAYLOR.—Thanks for the problem. W. N. P.—Your game and the letter accompanying it were very acceptable. T. C. D.—We have no objection to publish a letter from you upon the subject, provided you confine yourself to a statement of facts, and express yourself in a becoming manner. J. A.—We believe it is quite true that several letters have been written by the persons you name, but the editors to whom they were forwarded have had the good sense and good taste to refuse to publish them. Solutions of Problem No. 187 by G. R., J. G., and T. H., are correct.

PROBLEM NO. 188.
(From the British Chess Problem Association Turney.
Motto: Union Jack.)

BLACK.



WHITE to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 188.
(Composed by S. Loyd, and dedicated to H. E. Bird.)

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 2 (ch)	K to Kt 5 (a)
2. Q to R 3 (ch)	K takes Q
3. R to Q Kt sq	Anything
4. R to Kt mates	(a)
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to R sq (ch)	K takes Kt
2. Q to B sq (ch)	K takes P.
3. Q to B sq (ch)	Mates next move

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 7	K takes Kt (a)
2. Q to R 7 (mate)	(a)
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt from Q 5 to K 4 mate	Kt moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

THE following game was lately played in a match now pending between Mr. Potter, the City of London Champion, and Mr. G. Heywood, the distinguished problem-composer—the former giving the odds of P and two and Kt alternately. The winner of the first seven is to be the victor. Five games have been already played, one of which was drawn and the others won by Mr. Potter:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. Potter.)	(Mr. Heywood.)	(Mr. Potter.)	(Mr. Heywood.)
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	17. Kt to B 4	Q to B 3
2. P to K 3	Kt to K B 3	18. Kt to K 5	B to K B 3
3. B to Q 3	P to K 3	19. P to B 4	Kt takes P (d)
4. P to Q Kt 3	B to Q 3	20. R takes Kt	Q takes R
5. B to Kt 2	B to Q B 4 (a)	21. R to K B sq	Q to Kt 4
6. P takes P	B takes P	22. Kt takes P	Q takes P (ch)
7. Castles	Kt to B 3	23. Q takes Q	B takes Q (ch)
8. Kt to B 3	B to Q 2	24. K takes B	K to Kt sq
9. Kt to R 4	B to Q 3	25. Kt takes R	K takes Kt
10. P to K B 4	Kt to K 2	26. R to K sq	R to Q sq
11. Kt to B 3	Q to Kt 3	27. K takes P	Kt to B 3 (e)
12. Q to K 2	P to Q 5 (b)	28. B to K 4	R to Q B sq
13. P takes P	Q takes P (ch)	29. B takes Kt	P takes B
14. K to R sq	K to Q 4	30. R to K 7	P to K R 4
15. Kt to Kt 5 (c)	Q takes B	31. R takes R P	and after a few
16. Kt takes B (ch)	R to B sq	more moves	Black resigned.
(a)			
(b)			
(c)			
(d)			
(e)			

(a) This move before playing B to Q 3 would have been better.
(b) Premature. It is invariably best in match-games to make the King comfortable at home before venturing upon an aggressive movement. Casting Q R at this point would have given Black a safe game.
(c) White now proceeds to punish his opponent for the unprovoked audacity of his Q P.
(d) The key-move of a clever combination, but one that displays rather brightness of imagination than soundness of judgment; for the upshot of the slaughterous conflict which now ensues is that white wins a piece and obtains a superior position. Kt to Q Kt 3 seems the best move here, as otherwise white must gain some advantage by playing B to K 4.
(e) Kt to Kt sq might have enabled him to draw the game.

PIGEON SHOOTING, &c.

THE HURLINGHAM CLUB.

THERE was not a large field on Thursday week for the Optional £2 or £5 Sweepstakes, at seven blue rocks each, 28 yards rise, as only thirteen members competed, the winner being Mr. E. R. G. Hopwood, who won the pool, £26, without a tie, killing all his birds in beautiful style. Some ordinary sweepstakes were also decided, the winners being Lord Westbury, Captain Walter Duncombe, Mr. George, Mr. Aubrey Coventry, and Mr. Hopwood. The park and grounds are now extremely beautiful, the lilacs and chestnuts being in full bloom. The polo ground is also in magnificent order.

The enclosure was tolerably well attended on Monday, when eighteen members competed for the club cup and a £5 sweepstakes, at seven birds each, 27 yards. At the close of the last round Mr. Berkeley Lucy was declared the winner of the cup and £70, after killing all his birds in beautiful style with one of Grant's central-fires. For the second prize there were seven ties, and Captain Forester Leighton staying the longest secured the £20, Mr. C. Kerr shooting well up. Previous to the above event three £1 sweepstakes were decided. Captain Forester Leighton and Mr. C. Kerr divided the first, Mr. Aubrey Coventry won the second, and the third was shared by Mr. Kerr and Mr. Coventry. After the cup was won twenty-two members shot off a three birds sweepstakes, when Earl de Grey killed ten birds in succession with a Purdey central-fire, and won £22.

THE GUN CLUB.

The enclosure on Saturday, considering counter attractions, was well attended. For the Optional Sweepstakes, with £20 silver cup, at handicap distances, there were 24 competitors, when Mr. Queensgate won the cup and £28 of the optional fund, having stopped eight birds in good style. The winners of the £1 sweepstakes were the Duke of Montrose, Mr. Queensgate, and Mr. Grantham. Two optionals, at three birds each, were also decided, Mr. Queensgate winning one and Mr. Carrington the other.

There was a good attendance on Tuesday, when 24 members competed for the Club Fund Cup, at seven birds, handicap distances. There were seven ties, who killed six out of seven, and in shooting off Mr. Aubrey Coventry won the pool, which amounted to £65, after killing nine out of ten with a Purdey central-fire at 30 yards rise. Two optionals and some £1 sweepstakes were also decided. Mr. Henry won the first optional, £33, after stopping seven birds in succession, and Mr. Carrington and Mr. Freke divided the second, worth £23. The first £1 sweepstakes was carried off by Mr. Coventry; the second was divided by Mr. Kerr and Mr. Freke; the third by Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Coventry; and the fourth was shared by Mr. Gambier and Mr. Coventry.

On Wednesday there was some excellent shooting at 28 yards' rise for the Club £20 cup, added to a £5 sweepstakes, at nine birds each. There were 14 competitors, and, after some very fine shooting between Mr. Berkeley Lucy and Mr. Freke, the cup and £50 was won by Mr. Lucy, who stopped 11 out of 12 with one of Stephen Grant's central-fires, Mr. Freke taking the second prize, £20, with one kill less. Three optional sweepstakes and some £1 events were also decided. Captain Maxwell Syte and Mr. James divided the first, Mr. Freke won the second, and Lord Stormont carried off the third. The winners of the £1 sweepstakes were Mr. Freke, Mr. Berkeley Lucy, Captain Forester Leighton, Mr. Chapman, and Lord Stormont.

THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB AT BRUSSELS.

One of the largest meetings of the above-named club ever held on the Continent took place on Thursday week in the enclosure which has been recently made in the Bois de la Cambre—a charming rendezvous, close to the village of Boitsfort, on the Luxembourg Railways, and about three miles from Brussels. The weather was delightfully fine. The Club Free Prize, an elegant massive silver cup, was shot for without an entrance fee at three distances. There were fifty-six competitors, and after a long and exciting contest a very popular Belgian member, M. Lucien Maskens, was declared the winner of the cup and 1,532fr. of the optional fund, after killing all his birds in the scores proper, and two in the ties. M. A. Orban, a very fine marksman, shooting well up. Some brilliant seconds were made by M. Warocque (a prominent member of the Belgian senate), M. Lucien Maskens, Count F. du Chastel, M. E. Elsen, and Count Ribancourt. A very large majority of the Belgians stand in good attitudes, and with more practice will be able to rival the performances of some of the best English shots. After the winner had been warmly congratulated on his success, 47 shooters contended for the Prix de Consolation—a silver claret-jug—which was won by M. E. Elsen, M. R. Bosschaert taking 300fr as second money, and M. H. de Pret the third prize 200fr. Hammond took over a quantity of the best blue rocks, which gave great satisfaction.

CONCERT AT ALL SAINTS', HATCHAM.

A VOCAL and instrumental concert was given in the Parochial Institute of the above parish on Monday last, in aid of the Sunday School Building Fund, and, considering that all the artists generously gave their services, we should think the charity will be greatly helped by the performance. The vocalists were Miss Matilda Roby, Miss Hallpike, and Miss Orridge, Messrs. H. Seligmann, A. Martin, Walter Clifford, and Thurley Beale; the instrumentalists Mr. H. V. Lewis (piano), Mr. A. M. Norton (flute), and Mr. and Miss Pawle (violin and piano). The singing of Mesdames Roby and Orridge and Messrs. Clifford and Thurley Beale is so well known that criticism in their cases would be superfluous. Miss Hallpike possesses a very pleasing soprano voice, which was heard to advantage in Sullivan's "Let me dream again" (encored); and Mr. A. Martin is a baritone of very considerable power, whose voice would well repay professional training. Mr. H. Seligmann, the tenor, announced as a pupil of Signor Garcia, will, we doubt not, be heard of again, for his vocalisation was remarkably correct, and though at times wanting in power, was of exceptional sweetness. Mr. A. M. Norton's flute solos were deservedly applauded, and the pianoforte and violin duet by Miss and Mr. Pawle was a musical performance of the very highest order. There is, as a rule, so little novelty introduced into "grand evening concerts" both in the suburbs and the metropolis, that it was with great pleasure we found that the promoters of this concert had contrived to produce something novel—Romberg's Toy Symphony, performed by a toy band. This was refreshingly enjoyable, the eighteen or twenty young ladies, dressed with muslin aprons and mob caps, provoking great amusement with their infantile instruments, the precision with which they took part giving unmistakable evidence of much study and rehearsal, and Mr. Pawle, who conducted them, deserves a high compliment for their most admirable mock instrumentation. The laborious post of accompanist was undertaken by Mr. H. V. Lewis, R.A.M., whose efficient services are worthy of more than passing comment.

ROWLANDS' EUKONIA is a new and fragrant powder for the face and skin, and is specially recommended to ladies; 3s. per box. Rowlands' Odonto whitens the teeth and prevents their decay. Rowlands' Macassar Oil preserves, strengthens, and beautifies the human hair. Sold by all chemists, perfumers, and hairdressers.—[ADVT.]

SPORTING NOTES.

FISHING.

Of all anglers, I consider those of the Trent the best. The Nottingham style of fishing, as it is called, is the most killing of any, and since it was introduced on the Thames, some years ago, a complete revolution has taken place in Thames angling, for many now follow it. The maxim of fishing "fine and far off" is now acknowledged by most persons as the only sensible one. It is true that it takes a considerable amount of patience to learn how to use the Nottingham tackle properly, but the time is well spent, and when once acquired amply repays the angler for his trouble. I have not space to enumerate the many kinds of fish to be taken with this improved style, but it is especially killing for barbel, bream, and chub. No end of the latter fish may be taken under the boughs by dropping down quietly in a punt or skiff, and letting your line float out a long way in front of you, as the chub is a very shy fish; indeed all fish seem to be getting shyer in these days of School Boards and Universal Education. I fancy the education movement is going on among them as well as ourselves. The fishermen up the Thames call the fishing for chub "Long dodging," and a very killing dodge it is. Perch fishing is good sport, but it is in the winter time that you get the best of it. Indeed, it may be said that, except for trout, winter is, unfortunately, the best season for the angler. When the weeds rot and the water rises the fish pack together and get in holes, eddies, and back-waters, where they can be found. Now they are mostly dispersed in the weeds, from whence they have to be extracted by ground-baiting, and this does not always get them together.

I cannot understand why people keep so many swans; two or three on a lake are well enough, and look very pretty, but they do such a wonderful amount of damage to the spawn that they keep down the breed of fish.

Directly the latter have thrown their spawn, how wonderfully busy do you not find the swans in the weeds! They destroy thousands and thousands.

The Thames fishermen well know the amount of damage they do, and many a punt-gate goes into a nest of eggs when they get the chance, and no one the wiser.

A pond full of swans and fancy ducks will not have many fish, for they run their bills up and down the weeds, and strip off every bit of

spawn they can get at during the spring months.

Large carp are singular fish and not easily caught. I have sometimes tried every sort of bait, but nothing would tempt them. Cheese is a good bait. If mixed sometimes into a paste with bread and plenty of ground bait, they will sometimes take it freely; but ground bait is a positive necessity. The same with tench; they are wonderfully shy. I know of several large ponds full of big carp and tench, and yet you can hardly catch them, try what way you will.

Be careful, when you have caught your fish, where you place them. I once lost three fine jack by letting them remain on the bank. It was at Kingsbury Reservoir. I happened to leave the spot, and some pigs came and took off the lot, and away they ran. I had placed them under some rushes, but the pigs found them out. There was one thing that struck me; I wondered how they got rid of the hooks, for all the fish had been taken with "live bait," and the double hooks were in each of the fish's pouch—it was a sort of revenge for me to think of. Water-rats will also often walk off with the roach-fisher's spoil if left unguarded on the bank.

Curious things happen sometimes while spinning. When fishing in Hatton Reservoir, over the shallows, I once caught a line, it was about 40 yards long, and at the end a fish that weighed 17 lbs; he had been lost about a week before, having broken away. He had evidently got on to the shallows to try and rub away the hooks that were in his mouth. He was in very good condition. What struck me as being very singular was the fact that the fisherman had that morning been telling me that a gentleman had lost the week before a large fish, and considering that the water is 30 acres in extent, it was remarkable that I should have got hold of the very line. A singular thing happened at Kingsbury. A person while fishing from the bank saw a float, he threw his spinning line over it and drew in the line attached. At the end was a fish of about 9 lbs, but quite blind, much wasted, and evidently starved; if in condition he would have weighed 20 lbs.

There used to be very good fishing in the Paddington Canal, and from the island, in the Broadwater, many fine bream, roach have been taken and with night lines you could catch many fine eels, but one had to be up early in the morning, for the boatmen would often save you the trouble of taking them up. The canal at Berkhamstead affords good general fishing. It often surprises me how few eels are caught in the Thames, excepting by the fishermen in the eel baskets. They are there in vast quantities, but how seldom is it the angler can get hold of them.

Sea-fishing is splendid sport, if you can get them well on the feed. I have had good sport at Worthing. The fisherman use a long line, nearly a mile long—it takes them many hours to bait it—for it has hundreds of hooks. They drop an anchor with a large cork to float at one end, and the same at the other, over night, and take it up in the morning. It is good fun taking up the line, for you find all sorts of fish on it, but this sort of fishing only does on the flat coasts.

I have had very good sport fishing for bass, particularly at Brighton. Many are caught at the head of Old Pier, for they are very fond of being close to the piles. When the sea is calm and bright you may see many of them at the bottom. A very good way to catch them when the sea is rough is to get a piece of wood, tie a string to it in the middle, and dig a hole in the sand "at low water," and bury the wood; it will then be as firm as a rock; bait it with any sort of fish—the head of a herring I fancy most—and if it blows hard you are almost sure of your fish. I placed five lines one night and found three next morning; you go for your lines at the next low water and take them in, but be sure to be in time, for some one has probably seen you setting your lines, and, like the eel lines in the canal, may save you the trouble. These fish run sometimes very large. The largest I caught weighed 10 lbs. It is very amusing to set lobster pots over-night, and take them up the next morning. Many are caught at the back of the Isle of Wight, particularly at Alum Bay. By the by, there is a magnificent rabbit shooting there, for that part of the island is like a Warren. If you are a good sailor nothing is more amusing than night on the sea, mackerel fishing. Provide yourself with rough clothes, and any of the mackerel boats will be glad to take you out. It will well repay you, for no one can imagine a more beautiful sight during a moonlight night than to see thousands of them on the water; and if there is a good sailing breeze, one can form no idea of the excitement. Many fish are caught while sailing with a long line out trailing from the boat, with a heavy weight to keep it down, baited with a piece of whiting, or even a long bit of red rag.

There is good fishing in Switzerland, particularly in the Lake of Lucerne; at Weggis you may catch any amount of large perch, and the great lake trout and pike will well repay the angler going there. I had three days' fishing at Flueilen, and killed a rare lot of perch. You find it a very pleasant trip, but nothing more; and it is very little trouble taking a rod, and case of tackle. The lake's being very deep the way to kill fish is to spin a little way from the shore, throwing your bait in the shallow water. It is no good thinking you can get tackle at these places for they have none. I had the greatest difficulty in getting some, and had to put up with very rough things when I did get them—so go provided; but the fishing in the lakes will repay any one fond of that sport, for as a rule, all the Swiss lakes are full of fish.

STUD NEWS.

* Stud News intended to be inserted in the current week's number should reach us not later than Thursday morning.

SUNDRIKE HALL FARM, BROMLEY, KENT.—April 15th Mr. D. Cowie's Priestess by Julius out of Recluse (Bruce's dam), a chestnut filly by Cock of the Walk, and has been put to Soapstone; Miss Metcalfe, by Tim Whiffler, a chestnut colt by Andrea, and has been put to St. Mungo; 21st, New Moon, by Knight of the Crescent out of Dot, a colt foal by Cock of the Walk, and will be put to St. Mungo; 25th, Calembour, by Sydmonton, out of Jeu d'Esprit, a bay colt foal by Lecturer, and has been put to St. Mungo; on May 6th, The Rat, by Montagnard, dam by Blair Athol, a bay colt foal by Tichborne, and will be put to St. Mungo; 9th, Foible, by Taugh-a-Ballagh, a bay filly foal by Wild Oats, and will be put to St. Mungo.

THE STUD COMPANY, (LIMITED), COBHAM, SURREY.—May 2nd, Mr. H. Crispe's Little Princess, a filly by Queen's Messenger, and will be put to Wild Oats; 5th, Evelyn, a colt by Queen's Messenger, and will be put to Wild Oats; 7th, Mr. W. S. Stirling Crawford's Donzella, a filly by See Saw, and will be put to Blair Athol; 13th, The Stud Company's Mary Ambres, a filly by The Palmer, and will be put to Blair Athol. Arrived to Wild Oats: May 6th, Mr. C. Bush's Dynamite.

BARNIER PARK, HORNCastle.—Mr. Kemp's Mabilie, b f by Suffolk, and put to Coeruleus: Mr. Sharpe's Light Drum, ch f by Merry Sunshine, and put to Coeruleus: Fuchsia, b c by Suffolk, and put to Coeruleus; Marie Galante, b c, by Suffolk, and put to Merry Sunshine; Isabel, ch c, by Strathconan, and put to Coeruleus; Irma, b c by Merry Sunshine, and put to Coeruleus; Bellone, b f by Suffolk, and put to Coeruleus; Lord Scarbrough's Emerald, b c by Strathconan, and put to Coeruleus; Lambton, m b c, by Cromore, and put to Coeruleus; Lexicon, b f by Merry Sunshine, and put to him again; Penelope, slipped foal to Merry Sunshine, and put to him again; Mr. Stafford's Confiscation, b c, by Rowsham, and put to Coeruleus; Mr. Heneage's Lady Wilson, b c by Suffolk, and put to Coeruleus; Mr. Keighley's Lady Mary, b f by Suffolk, and put to Coeruleus. Arrived to Coeruleus:—Mr. Jennings's Common-sense, by Hermit, maiden; Mr. Kemp's Tasmania, barren; Mr. Clarke's Katcatcher's Daughter, barren; Mr. Marshall's Knight of Kossmore, maiden; Mr. Sharpe's Galop, by Thunderbolt, barren. Arrived to Merry Sunshine:—Mr. Kemp's Arlington, barren; Mr. Nelson's Victa, b r Victorious, maiden; Mr. Sharpe's Polly Craven, maiden; Queen Bee, barren.

MR. AMBERY, owner of Lancaster and other racehorses, died at his residence, Alderley, near Knutsford, about half-past eight on Monday evening. Mr. Isaac Amery, who was connected with the turf for many years, had been for some time in failing health, but his collapse was more sudden than expected. His racing colours were "all yellow."

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

CHESTER MEETING.

TUESDAY.

GROSVENOR TRIAL STAKES. Six furlongs. Mr. J. Chapman's Owton, by Miner—Lady of Tees, aged, 9st 7lb (£200) Snowden w.o.

ROODEE STAKES of 15 sovs each, soft, with 100 added. Once round, about a mile.

Duke of Hamilton's Leoline, by Vermont—Leoline, 8st 5lb..... Lemaire 1 Mr. Joostone's f by The Miner—Lady Nyassa, 8st 12lb..... G. Cooke 2

WINNSTAY HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, 3 ft to the fund, with 150 added. Mile and a quarter.

Mr. T. Cannon's Speculation, by Brahma—Lady Emma, by Orlando, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb..... Watts 1 Lord Wilton's Redoubt, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb (car 7st 12lb)..... Constable 2

11 to 4 on Speculation; won in a canter by three lengths.

The CURZON PLATE of 200 sovs specie, by subscription of 10 sovs each, with 100 added. Five furlongs.

Mr. Johnson's Lyceum, by Oxford—Thalia, by Newminster, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb F. Archer 1

Mr. Beauchamp's Castle Blair, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb..... Constable 2

9 to 4 on Lyceum. Won cleverly by a length.

MEMBERS' WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 200 sovs. One mile.

Mr. T. Bingham's St. Patrick by Knight of St. Patrick—Fisherman's Daughter, aged, 9st 7lb..... C. Wood

Mr. C. J. Langland's Don Carlos, 4 yrs, 9st 9lb..... Constable 2

Mr. M. Brown's Knight of the Forest, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb..... J. Snowden 3

Mr. Wadlow's Eremite, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb..... F. Archer 0

6 to 4 each agst St. Patrick and Eremite; or by a length.

MOSTYN STAKES of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, with 400 added. Six furlongs.

Mr. R. Jardine's Trapper by Hermit—Rat-trap, 8st 8lb..... Constable 1

Major Staylton's Sword Knot, 8st 5lb..... F. Archer 2

Also ran: Priestcraft, 8st 8lb; Whackum, 8st 8lb. 9 to 4 each agst

Trapper and Whackum, 3 to 1 agst Ambassador, 5 to 1 agst Sword Knot, 10 to 8 agst Priestcraft. Won easily by a length: same between the second and third.

BELGRAVE WELTER CUP of 200 sovs, in specie, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 10 sovs each. Six furlongs.

Mr. R. Howett's Violet Melrose by Scottish Chief—Violet, 3 yrs, 8st 13lb Skelton 1

Mr. F. Gretton's Singleton, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb..... T. Cannon 2

Mr. Jardine's f by Pretender—Minaret, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb..... G. Cooke 3

Also ran: Templar, aged, 9st 6lb; Covenanter, 4 yrs, 9st 9lb; King Offa, aged, 9st 4lb. 6 to 5 agst Templar, 6 to 1 agst Singleton, 7 to 1 agst

Covenanter, 8 to 1 agst King Offa, 100 to 12 agst Violet Melrose, 100 to 8 agst the Minaret filly. Won by three-quarters of a length; a length divided the second and third.

THE EARL OF CHESTER'S WELTER PLATE of 200 sovs, added to 15 furlongs; 7 subs.

Mr. Howett's f Violet Melrose by Scottish Chief—Violet, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb (inc. 7lb ex)..... Skelton 1

Lord Kesteven's b Woodquest, 4 yrs, 9st 12lb..... Huxtable 2

Mr. R. Jardine's b f by The Miner—Lady Nyassa, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb..... G. Cooke 3

Also ran: Singleton, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb; Lighthead, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb. 6 to 4

agst Woodquest, 9 to 4 agst Singleton, 5 to 1 agst Violet Melrose, and 10 to 8 agst the Minaret filly. Won by three-quarters of a length; four lengths between second and third.

The VALE ROYAL STAKES of 10 sovs each, h ft, with 100 added; for two-year-old fillies; second received 20 sovs. Four furlongs.

Mr. F. Bates's b f Extinguisher by Tynedale—Curlew Bell, 8st 12lb G. Cooke 1

Sir W. Throck

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The return of Madame Adelina Patti to the scene of her early triumphs is a source of congratulation to the lovers of music. Her *rentrée* last week, as Catarina in *L'Etoile du Nord*, attracted the largest audience of the season, and she was received with an enthusiastic welcome. It becomes monotonous to say, season after season, that "Adelina Patti's voice and vocalisation are as superb as ever." The formula of praise may this season be varied, for we can confidently say that Adelina Patti's voice is actually finer than ever. The beautiful lower notes which she has gained during the last four years have become as rich in quality as those of a contralto, while her higher notes have lost no particle of their brilliancy. Of her vocalisation it can only be said that it remains unapproachable. It is not merely that she executes the most difficult *tours de force* with faultless accuracy, but because every note has a sympathetic charm, that the vocalisation of this incomparable artist is of supreme excellence. It is needless to recount her successes in the rôle of Catarina, but chief amongst them may be mentioned her singing in the trio for voice and two flutes. The perfect mechanism of the human voice was never more delightfully illustrated. The clever instrumentlists, Mr. Radcliff and Mr. Young, who played the two flute parts, were outrivaled in brilliancy of execution by the singer, who surmounted the most trying vocal difficulties without the least appearance of effort. Not only in vocal feats of this kind, but in her exquisite delivery of pathetic cantabile Madame Patti afforded unbounded delight to musicians and amateurs. Her acting was equal in merit to her singing, and what higher praise could be given? The smiles and the tears of her audience were alike at her command, and she enchain'd their sympathies by the exercise of art so consummate as to appear spontaneous. The important rôle of Peter the Great devolved on M. Maurel, whose fine voice has regained its pristine charm, and whose singing and acting were of the most masterly kind. No one has ever acted the part so well, and no one has sung the music better. In the bacchanalian song, "Vedi, al par del rubino," he sang an elaborate cadenza with the fluency of a light tenor; his shake was close and even, and he imparted to the song a dramatic effect, as well as a vocal charm, which elicited enthusiastic applause and a unanimous encore. In the pathetic air, "O lieto di," in which the Czar, believing that Catarina is no more, mourns over his recollections of the happy days when he gained her affection, M. Maurel was equally successful. Mdlle. Smeroschi for the first time essayed the rôle of Prascovia, and achieved a genuine success. Signor De Bassini, as Danilowitz, was efficient, and the minor characters were well filled.

I Puritani was produced on Saturday last, and Mdlle. Albani, in the rôle of Elvira, again showed how great has been her improvement in vocalisation since last season. She never before sang the polacca, "Son virgin vezosa," with so much finish of style, and in "Qui la voce" the charm of her beautiful voice was rendered doubly delightful by the purity of her vocalisation. Signor Gayarré, as Arturo, sang admirably, and secured well-deserved applause. Signor Graziani again proved himself the best Riccardo since Tamburini. Signor Ordinas, as Giorgio, was moderately successful.

Dinorah was produced on Monday last, and Madame Adelina Patti, in the title character, made her second appearance this season. The histrionic genius and the superb vocalisation which had rendered her previous impersonation of Catarina an artistic triumph were displayed with equally delightful results in her *Dinorah*. In the cadenza of the "Shadow Song" she introduced staccato embellishments extending to F in alt, and sang them not only with brilliant effect, but with apparent ease. Throughout the opera she was the recipient of enthusiastic applause, to which she was honourably entitled. M. Maurel, in the ungracious part of Hoël, again exhibited the vocal and histrionic qualities which have placed him in the first rank of operatic barytones, and Signor De Bassini made a considerable success as Corentino. The two goatherds were Mdlles. Synnerberg and

Cottino, the hunter and the reaper, Signori Capponi and Sabater.

Rigoletto was produced on Tuesday last with Signor Graziani in the title character, in which he is unrivalled. His acting was powerful, and his singing delightful. Mdlle. Albani charmed every listener by the beauty of her voice and the refinement of her vocalisation, and surpassed herself in "Caro nome," which was a faultless specimen of art. Her graceful and pathetic acting enhanced the effect of her delightful singing, and a better Gilda could not be imagined. Signor Bolis, as the Duke, sang well, but his voice had not quite regained its usual brightness and power. Madame Scalchi, as Maddalena, sang so charmingly that it was a matter of regret that she had so little to sing.

La Traviata was produced on Thursday, too late for notice this week. *Tannhäuser* was repeated last night, and *Un Ballo in Maschera* will be repeated to-night. It would be unjust to close this notice of the Royal Italian Opera without acknowledging the valuable services rendered by the conductors, Signor Vianesi and Signor Bevignani. It is on these gentleman that the success of every representation mainly depends, and they have discharged their onerous duties with remarkable ability and zeal.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.
The production of *Les Huguenots* at Her Majesty's Theatre last

Fancelli (Raoul), Rota (St. Bris), and Del Puente (Di Nevers), sustained their high reputations.

Madame Eteka Gerster made her *rentrée* on Saturday last as Amina, in *La Sonnambula*, and was enthusiastically welcomed. Since she was last heard in London, she has had the advantage of constant practice during her successful career on the Continent, and the beneficial results are obvious in her improvement of style, both as vocalist and as actress. Her vocal flexibility is better developed, her intonation is more satisfactory, her shake is now excellent, and she sings with greater earnestness and spontaneity. That she has become, in the highest sense of the word, a "finished" vocalist can hardly be said in view of such artists as Patti and Marimon. Her scale passages are not always distinctly sung, and she has to acquire fulness of tone in the middle and lowest registers of her voice, which have apparently suffered from the undue cultivation of the highest register. Judging from the great and rapid improvement she has made during the past ten months, there seems good reason to expect that these minor obstacles to complete success will speedily be removed. In the meanwhile, Madame Gerster's undoubted merits claim hearty recognition. The refinement of her vocalisation commands the admiration of musicians, and most of the florid embellishments which she introduces are beautifully executed. There is nothing "phenomenal" in her ability to attack certain high notes, which are within the reach of many other vocalists; but it must be admitted that her high notes are of excellent quality. It is to be hoped, however, that she will appreciate these high notes at their proper value—as accessories, and not essentials; and will study to equalise her voice throughout its compass. Above all, it is important that she should abstain from forcing her voice, which is naturally delicate in quality, and is most delightful in her mezzo-voce singing. These remarks have been suggested by a careful study of her impersonation of Amina, which was an intellectual conception, artistically elaborated. It will not be necessary to give details, which appear to us confirmatory of the opinions above stated, but we would mention with special praise Madame Gerster's rendering of "Ah non credea." The pathetic aria was exquisitely sung, and was even more enjoyable than the brilliant *tours de force* which followed. This was far from being the only success made by Madame Gerster, who again and again elicited enthusiastic and well-merited applause, and justified the popularity which she has secured. Mdlles. Bauermeister (Lisa) and Lablache (Teresa), and Signori Fancelli (Elvino) and Del Puente (Rodolfo) sang and acted with their customary ability and success.

I Puritani was produced on Tuesday last, and Madame Gerster, as Elvira, again exhibited the excellent qualities which had ensured her success as Amina. Signor Marini, late of the Royal Italian Opera, made a successful first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre in the rôle of Arturo; Signor Dondi, as Giorgio, sang well, but was deficient in power; Signor Rota, as Riccardo, sang and acted in finished style. *Lucia* was produced last night, too late for notice this week. *Les Huguenots* was repeated last Monday, and *Faust* yesterday night. *Ruy Blas* will be produced this evening, and Signor Campanini will impersonate the title character. Sir Michael Costa has conducted each performance with his usual ability.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

The summer musical season at the Alexandra Palace was inaugurated on Saturday last, when a grand musical festival was given under the direction of Mr. Frederic Archer, who has selected an excellent band of over fifty performers. On this occasion the band of the Palace was reinforced by that of the Coldstream Guards, under Mr. Fred Godfrey, and, including the Alexandra Palace Choir, an aggregate of over 1,000 performers assisted. The principal vocalists were Madame Rose Hersee, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Pyatt. The programme, although chiefly classical, comprised an admixture of "popular" music. The artists above named did ample justice to the works entrusted to them, and the Alexandra Palace Choir sang some choral selections admirably. Mr. Frederic Archer again proved himself to be a masterly conductor, and the concert—which attracted over 10,000 visitors—was very successful.



THE ATTACK.

week was rendered specially interesting by the débuts of three artistes who had not previously been heard on the operatic stage in England. Mdlle. Mathilde Wilde, a lady who has gained favour in Germany and America, made her début as Valentine. Nervousness disabled her from doing full justice to her abilities, but she proved herself to be an accomplished artiste; familiar with stage traditions, and endowed with considerable histrionic power. Her voice is a powerful soprano, of considerable compass, and she phrases well; but it will be desirable to await her appearance in another character before offering a definitive opinion on her merits. Miss Mary Cummings, a young English contralto, who, we believe, has had the advantage of receiving instruction from that accomplished musician, Madame Sainton-Dolby, made a most successful début as Urbano, and gained a hearty and thoroughly-deserved encore for "Nobil Donna." Miss Cummings has a fine mezzo-soprano voice, with ample command of contralto notes; sings well in tune, makes an excellent shake, and executes scale passages with an accuracy which betokens good training. Her acting was intelligent, and she bids fair to become an ornament of the operatic stage. Signor Dondi, who made his début as Marcel, does not possess sufficient power in the lowest register, and obtained only a partial success. Signori

Lucia was produced last night, too late for notice this week. *Les Huguenots* was repeated last Monday, and *Faust* yesterday night. *Ruy Blas* will be produced this evening, and Signor Campanini will impersonate the title character. Sir Michael Costa has conducted each performance with his usual ability.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

It has been entirely too hot within the last week or so to torture oneself with the solemn duties of keeping a fatherly eye upon the welfare of the Drama; indeed, I make no concealment of the fact that my fatherly eye, under the circumstances, would have dozed itself in sleep e'en before the braying of the best orchestra



"Sherry and Seltzer"

in London had ceased its sweltering overture. You will say, reader, that this is but a lame excuse for the fact that I have been out of town. Well, perhaps it is, but I *have* been out of town, and *not* to a theatre (thank Heaven!) for a sennight. If some enterprising manager had taken his company up to Thames Ditton in a commodious barge, set round with footlights, and



about it the better. I am the last in the world to make trouble, so my esteemed friend (or enemy) let us drop the subject, and admit at once that *you* are to blame. While I lay under the chestnut trees, within sight of the quiet cool of the Thames at Hampton Court, I got thinking in a dreamy sort of way of a group of actors who used to spend the summer heat in paddling about on that part of the river, and then again I thought of how many more were at that time, *and are now*, standing round close stuffy bars in London, turning a wistful glance occasionally to the windows covered with dust, and there discovering the faint resemblance to sunbeams, and again, with groans, thrusting the "cool refreshing gin," or the altogether reviving whisky, or the balmy brandy down their throats, and saying with a groan, "Just my luck; I can't get out of town this lovely weather!" Allow me, dear reader, to tell that best of good fellows, Histriion, through you (for I know actors never read anything but their parts—not even the "Captious Critic!"), that his notion about not being able to get away is all a fallacy. I assure Fitzaltamont, the unhappy one, that he *can* go out of town if he chooses. "Oh," says Fitz, "can I?—of course you know better than I do myself; perhaps you'll tell me how? Why look ye here, sonny, I have been waiting for Tommy Fees, the agent, at this blessed bar for three mortal hours, — *three*, my boy—the space of 'Amlet exactly; and when I tell you that I am waiting for Tommy Fees, my dear boy, perhaps you will discern that I am not just as nicely landed in an engagement as I should like." "Well," I say to the unhappy one, "Fitz, how many drinks have you had since



you came in?" "Oh, only six brandies," answers my brave Fitz. "Well, that would have given you a pleasant run down to Greenwich or up to Kew, with a good refreshing drink of beer or cider both coming and going, and a fresh feeling all over you worth a fiver," is my answer to Fitz. "Ah, it's all very well for you to talk," he retorts, and orders another "fourpen'orth" of brandy, and looks moodily up at the unwholesome cobwebs, wondering if Tommy Fees will turn up in the course of the next hour or so. As a matter of detail Tommy is quietly "copping" the coin from the illustrious extra ladies for whom he has found engagements, and a halfpenny postcard or a five minutes' walk would settle all Fitz's business. But no, there he stands thinking of his hard luck, and ordering other fourpen'orths until Tommy turns up. Cool and refreshing drinks are most desirable, most necessary, most beneficial, but your ordinary mummer will none of them. He inclines to spirits, and inclines spirits towards him, and that is what keeps him poor and out of health and miserable. Even Mr. Cheesecully, the inimitable comedian, admits that he likes beer and champagne better than brandy or gin. But he says, like Fitzaltamont, "It is all very well for you to talk, but I can't drink beer, for it don't agree with me, and I can't afford cham." "My dear Cheesecully," I make reply, "if you were to cut brandy and save the time that it takes to get through twelve 'another fourpen'orth,' you would have constitution to stand beer and money to stand champagne. Look at Johnny Smockfrock with his half-yard of brown ale in an earthen 'mog'; he will finish

it without taking breath, bless you, and look on it as a mere trifle of 'sommat short.'" Well, Cheesecully can imitate him in everything most humorously and perfectly upon the stage, but under his mimic smockfrock he has a liver like a giant fungus, and an indigestion like a Turkish bond. He wants exercise and less of the "bar-practice" that he is given over to. Now Mr. S. C. Hall might say to me for my sentiments, "Good, very good, my



Mr. Cheesecully, the Comedian.

dear young friend," or Cardinal Manning might give me a special benediction for them (and I require it!) But I assure you, reader, if I could see Fitzaltamont and Cheesecully out on the river or along some lonely country road I would be more happy. Fitz, when you tell him what I say, will smile in a ghastly way at Cheesey and say, "Fancy *him* talking!" Well, I know it is



rather unique, and that a certain Tapster to whom I am indebted to the extent of five shillings for a bottle of brandy may sue me when he reads this; but still I have told you what I wanted, and hope you will tell it to Fitz and Cheesey. And after that, reader, I think the best thing you can do is a pennyworth of sherbet, and I will go to a theatre next week.

played, say, the *Colleen Bawn*, with real water for the Danny Man *douche* scene, I could have enjoyed it from the window of the *Swan*, at that delightful spot, and could have told you all about it; but I expect the enterprising soul would have ruined himself, and you would not have cared overmuch about it. Thus it is that I come before you without a theatre. It must be your fault, or mine, or the want of ruinous enthusiasm on the part of a manager. No matter, it is somebody's fault, and the least said

SALE OF HUNTERS.—Messrs. Freeman will sell at their Repository, St. Martin's-lane, on Wednesday next, forty young sound horses, which have been chiefly selected by Messrs. Newman and Lamley in Ireland, and are sold in consequence of the disposal of the lease of their premises at Cricklewood to the Andover and Weyhill Horse Company.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT is giving his readings and musical entertainments to crowded audiences in New Zealand. He next visits Australia, returning to London by the way of India.

ACCORDING to a New York contemporary in London, a celebrated U.S. diver named Rhodes intends jumping off London-bridge on the 12th of next month.

THE Barnes and Mortlake Regatta will take place on July 27th.

SALES BY AUCTION.

HANTS.—A very enjoyable Freehold Residence or Hunting-box, with first class stabling, delightful pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, and rich meadow land, in all about 140. 11. 14p., having a long frontage to the river Test, in a first-rate hunting district, about a mile from Romsey town and station, and nine miles from Southampton.—For Sale, with possession, in two lots.

MESSRS. DEBENHAM, TEWSON, and FARMER will SELL, at the Mart, on Tuesday, May, 28, at 2, as follows:—

Lot 1.—The Freehold Residence known as Greatbridge House, in the parish of Romsey, approached by a carriage drive, and containing eight bedrooms, a dressing-room, box-room, and bath-room, dining-room, drawing-room, library, housekeeper's-room, butler's pantry, and the requisite offices and cellarage; first-class detached stabling for eight horses, large coach-house, harness-room, washing-room, &c. The grounds, of about 32 acres, are shady, secluded, and extremely picturesque; a branch of the River Test runs through them, and forms an extremely pleasing sheet of ornamental water, well-stocked with fish. Six packs of hounds meet within reach, and the neighbourhood affords good shooting and excellent society.

Lot 2.—The rich Water Meadows, known as Great St. Mary's, comprising 100. 3r. 13p., having a frontage on two sides to the river Test, as well as a frontage to the main road.

Particulars of Messrs. Sharp, Harrison, Cox, and Turner, Solicitors, Southampton; of Mr. Burnett, Estate Agent, 2, High-street, Southampton; and of the Auctioneers, 80, Cheapside.

SOUTH WALES.—The Glanbrane Estate, in the parish of Llanfairybrin, in the county of Carmarthen, about a mile and a half from Ognydory Station, on the Central Wales Railway, three miles from the market town and principal railway station of Llandovery, about 20 from Brecon and 30 from Carmarthen.—An important Freehold Residential Property, embracing upwards of 2,730 acres of arable, pasture, wood, and mountain grazing land, with an excellent, stone-built mansion, standing in a finely timbered part; several farm-houses, cottages and homesteads, also a water corn-mill. The present income, irrespective of the mansion, grounds, and woodlands in hand, is about £800 per annum.

MESSRS. DEBENHAM, TEWSON, and FARMER are instructed by the Executors of the late Robert Jones, Esq., deceased, to SELL, at the Mart, on TUESDAY, June 25, at 2, the above-named valuable FREEHOLD ESTATE. Glanbrane-mansion, a very substantial stone building, erected in the year 1777, and upon which a large sum of money was expended by the late owner, is approached from the main road from Llandovery to Builth by a carriage drive through the park; it commands beautiful views over a lovely valley, flanked by hanging woods with mountain landscape in the distance; and contains eight very large and lofty bed chambers, two dressing-rooms (one with bath), four large bed rooms for servants, a library, about 28ft. 6. by 20ft., a boudoir, about 28ft. by 19ft. 6. a noble entrance-hall, and billiard room, about 28ft. by 19ft. 6. a fine suite of reception rooms, gun room, butler's pantry, the usual domestic offices, and extensive dry cellarage. The mansion, with its appropriate stabling, out-buildings, and grounds (about 14 acres), and the woods and plantations (about 244 acres) are in hand. The remainder of the estate is divided into five principal, and various smaller occupations, and at present produces £800 per annum. The valley lands are chiefly pasture of good, sound quality. The property is situate in an excellent residential district (there being a great many gentlemen's seats within easy reach), it is bounded by good, hard roads, and is intersected by the river Bran, which affords capital trout fishing. Salmon fishing may be had in the adjacent river Towy, and hunting with foxhounds and harriers in the immediate neighbourhood. The shooting over the entire estate is reserved. Particulars of Messrs. Hillearys and Taylor, Solicitors, 5, Fenchurch-buildings; of Messrs. Woollacote and Leonard, Solicitors, 6, Gracechurch-street; of Mr. W. Ball, Land Agent, Kington, Herefordshire; and of the Auctioneers, 80, Cheapside.

SUSSEX AND HAMPSHIRE.—The Forest Lodge Estate, a charming Residential Property, in the beautiful and healthy neighbourhood of Liphook, two miles from the station, one and a half hour's journey from London, and eight miles from Petersfield and Midhurst; comprising a newly-erected mansion, with all modern appliances for warming and lighting, including gas works, with about 150 acres of inclosed farm lands, and manorial rights over the large tract of waste lands (about 530 acres), of the manor of Rogate Bobunt, with splendid timber, and a lake of over 20 acres in front of the mansion. With possession on completion of the purchase.

MESSRS. DEEKS, GIBBS, and CO. are favoured with instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C., on Thursday, June 13, 1878, at Two o'clock precisely, in One Lot (unless previously disposed of by private contract), the above singularly attractive ESTATE, comprising a newly-erected mansion, most conveniently arranged either for a large or small establishment, delightfully placed on rising ground overlooking a lake of 20 acres, with an island in the centre planted with rhododendrons, commanding magnificent and extensive views on every side, over richly wooded home scenery and bold hills clothed with heath and furze, together with well-arranged stabling, coach houses, and servants' rooms, built in character with the mansion, and, at a convenient distance therefrom, several cottages and very superior farm premises, pleasure grounds studded with magnificent timber, shrubberies, nursery grounds, flower and kitchen gardens in excellent order, and every accessory for residential enjoyment, with sporting rights of a high class, and within easy reach of Lord Leconfield's and the Hambleton hounds. It is equal in value to freehold; that portion of the estate which is not freehold being held for a term of nearly ten thousand years, at the rent of a red rose. It is for the most part free of tithe and land tax, and combines all the attractions of a residential and sporting domain, with a large area of wild and well-timbered open land, together with a most enjoyable pleasure farm.

Particulars, with plans and views of the mansion, may be had on the premises of Mr. STEVENS, who will show the estate; at the Mart; of Messrs. MAPLES, TEESDALE, and CO., Solicitors, 6, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry; and, with orders to view, of the Auctioneers, 20, Spring-gardens, and 136A, Westbourne-terrace, Hyde-park, W.

HYDE PARK, GLOUCESTER-GARDENS.—A desirable Town Residence, in thorough repair, and ready for immediate occupation, with possession, on completion of the purchase.

MESSRS. DEEKS, GIBBS, and CO. are instructed to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Thursday, June 13, at Two o'clock, the conveniently arranged FAMILY RESIDENCE, 50, Gloucester-gardens, situate in a favourite position, approached from the main road by a carriage drive, with shrubbery in the front and garden in the rear, within a few minutes' walk of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, and very accessible from the City and West-end. The house is in excellent repair throughout. It is held on lease for a term, of which about sixty-two years are unexpired, at a moderate ground rent. The whole of the excellent modern furniture may be taken at valuation.

Particulars of Messrs. BRAY and WARRENS, Solicitors, 99, Great Russell-street, W.C., or of the AUCTIONEERS, 136, Westbourne-terrace, W., and 20, Spring-gardens, S.W.

UPSET PRICE, £8,700.—North Devon, in the parish of Bradworthy, about fifteen miles from Bideford and eight from Holsworthy.

MESSRS. DEEKS, GIBBS, and CO. have received instructions from the Mortgagors to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C., on Thursday, June 13, 1878, at Two o'clock precisely, in One Lot, a very valuable FREEHOLD ESTATE of 532 acres, with a capital Residence known as Lympscott, together with a good farm, homestead, and premises; also the Brewhorthy and Stowford Farms, and the Rent Charges in lieu of tithes apportioned at £15 per annum, on the Lympscott portion of the estate, the whole let to yearly tenants at rates which may be considered merely nominal. The estate is in a good sporting country, and is very compact, and there are some very thriving plantations of larch and other trees of an age to insure a profit by judicious thinning. At a small outlay it might be made available for the residence of a gentleman, and it offers an exceedingly good opportunity for investment, and will doubtless be much increased in value when the railway to Holsworthy, now in course of construction, is completed.

Particulars, with plans, may be had of Messrs. JAS. TAYLOR, MASON, and TAYLOR, Solicitors, 15, Furnival's Inn, E.C.; at the Mart; and of Messrs. DEEKS, GIBBS, and CO., Surveyors, 136, Westbourne-terrace, W., and 20, Spring-gardens, S.W.

Tufnell Arms and Cricket Grounds, with Racquet Court, Fire Brigade Station, Stabling, &c., &c., Tufnell Park-road, London, by order of the administrator to the late Thomas Lloyd Morgan.

MR. J. W. TRUMAN is favoured with instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mason's Hall, Mason's Avenue, Basinghall-street, London, on MONDAY, May 27, 1878, at 1 o'clock precisely, the LEASE, for 89 years, with possession, of that valuable and renowned recently-erected property, the TUFNELL ARMS, also known as Page's, commandingly placed in that rapidly-improving and charming locality, Tufnell Park, Holloway. The cricket fields, stables, &c., are underlet, and produce, in addition to the rent paid for the whole, a profit income of about £330 per year. The neighbourhood is at present quite undeveloped, but is rapidly improving by the building operations on the estate and the opening of the principal thoroughfare for traffic.

Printed particulars may be had of Messrs. Routh, Stacey, and Castle, 14, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury; at the place of sale; and, with cards to view, of the Auctioneer, 5, Bloomsbury-square, London, W.C.

MERIONETH, on the verge of Montgomeryshire.—To be SOLD, by Private Contract, CLEIVION, one of the most beautiful Villa Residences in Wales, about three-quarters of a mile from Mawddwy Railway Station, and 10 minutes' walk from Mallwyd Church, between 90 and 100 acres, looking down the Dovey and up the romantic Cleivion salmon and sewin rivers (bounded southward by the latter), nearly three miles of paths and drives. The villa has a pleasing elevation, extensive lawn, with flower beds and borders. It is planted with many flourishing specimen trees and shrubs (some rare), four glasshouses, a range of forcing pits, three-stall stable and coach-house, lodge, a fancy farm, woods, plantations, &c. For further particulars and permission to view apply to Messrs. Howell and Morgan, Solicitors, Machynlleth.

WARGRAVE, Berks.—To be SOLD, by Private Contract, in this picturesque part of the Valley of the Thames, two miles from the Twyford Station on the Great Western Railway, a beautiful RESIDENTIAL FREEHOLD ESTATE of about 400 acres. The mansion, with its tastefully laid-out pleasure grounds and finely-timbered park of about 25 acres, stands 100 feet above the Thames, and has been recently erected with every convenience for a large establishment. It commands magnificent views, and is near a parish church, and within three miles of Mr. Garth's Kennels, and in the heart of the Queen's hunt. The stabling, which is considerable, has also been recently newly erected, and is of the most modern description. There is also excellent shooting and fishing on the estate. Apply to Messrs. Lee and Pemberton, 44, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London, W.C.

ON the BANKS of the THAMES, at HAMPTON.—To be LET, Furnished, for six months, a charming old HOUSE, containing five bedrooms, dining and drawing room, and usual servants' offices; gas, &c. In grounds of about 1/4 acre, well stocked with fruit trees, and sloping lawns down to the river, affording an unrivalled situation for boating and fishing. Seven minutes from railway station—Apply to Owner, 106, Fenchurch-street, E.C.

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BLUE GOWN, at 100 guineas. (Subscription full.)

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CERULEUS (own brother to Blue Gown), by Beadsman, out of Bas Bleu, by Stockwell, a few mares at 15gs, groom's fee included; dams of good winners at half price.

MERR SUNSHINE (own brother to Sunshine), by Thormanby, out of Sunbeam, by Chanticleer, at 10s. groom's fee included; foaling mares at 21s. and barren mares at 14s. per week; all expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Both these horses are sound.

Apply to MR. SHARPE, as above.

FOR THE SEASON 1878.

AT HIGHFIELD HALL, ST. ALBANS.

KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK; the only horse alive except King Tom out of Pocahontas, the dam of Stockwell.—At 20 Guineas, and 1 Guinea the Groom.

COCK OF THE WALK; the only Chanticleer horse at the Stud.—At 10 Guineas, and 10 Shillings the Groom.

RUPURT, a roan horse with black mane, tail, and legs, 162 hands high, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam; Knowsley by Stockwell out of General Peel's dam.—At 10 Guineas, Half-bred Mares at 5 Guineas, bond fide Farmers' Mares at 2 Guineas.

All subscriptions to be taken of Mr. TATTERSALL, at Albert Gate.

AT REENHAM HOUSE, READING (ONE MILE AND A HALF FROM ALDERMASTON STATION).

CYMBAL, by Kettledrum out of Nelly Hill, will cover thirty mares including his owner's, at 25 guineas each, and 1 guinea to the groom.

MOROCCO.—At 2 guineas.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are taken away.

Apply to J. TROWSDALE, as above.

AT FINSTALL, BROMSGROVE.

CARDINAL YORK, by Newminster out of Licence by Gameboy.—Limited to Thirty Mares, at 40 Guineas each.

PELEGRINO by The Palmer out of Lady Audley, by Macaroni.—Limited to Ten approved Foaling Mares, at 25 Guineas each.

PAUL JONES by Buccaneer out of Queen of the Gipsies by Chanticleer, her dam Rambling Katie by Melbourne out of Phryne by Touchstone.—At 20 Guineas a Mare.

Foaling mares, 25s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week.

Apply to STUD GROOM, as above.

AT BEENHAM HOUSE, READING (ONE MILE AND A HALF FROM ALDERMASTON STATION).

KING OF THE FOREST, by Scottish Chief, will cover thirty mares, including his owner's, at 50s. each, and 1 guinea to the groom.

Apply to Mr. THOS. CARTWRIGHT, Stud Groom.

AT WOODLANDS, KNITSLEY STATION, CO. DURHAM.

Apply to Mr. HAANSBERGEN for full particulars, &c.

MACGREGOR (winner of 2000gs, sire of Meg Merriles, Ranald McEagh, &c., the first of his get which have run), by Macaroni; approved mares 20s.

ARGYLE (sire of Lismore, Stella filly, &c., the first of his get which have run). Argyle, 16-1 h. b., is the most powerful Adventurer horse at the Stud; approved mares 5gs.

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AT SANDGATE, PULBRO.

PAGANINI, at 20gs.

All expenses to be paid before mares are removed.

Foaling mares, 25s. per week; barren mares 20s. per week.

Apply to WILLIAM LLOYD, Stud Groom.

AT MARDEN DEER PARK, CATERHAM, SURREY.

SEE SAW, by Buccaneer, out of Margery Daw. A limited number of mares at 40gs each, and one guinea the groom.

The subscription to this horse is now full.</p

HORSE AUCTIONS—continued.
TATTERSALL'S SALES—CONTINUED.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on MONDAY, June 17th, the following HORSES, the entire stud and property of Sir Beaumont and Lady Florence Dixie, which are well known and have been regularly hunted during the past season with the Quorn, Cottmore, and Belvoir Hounds.

1. SHAUGHRAUN, chestnut gelding, 7 yrs.
2. DOGGIE, brown gelding, 6 yrs.
3. FREWEN, brown gelding, 6 yrs.
4. BELLADRUM, chestnut gelding by Kettledrum, 7 yrs.
5. BANDSMAN, grey gelding by The Druid, 8 yrs.
6. AKBAR, chestnut gelding, 7 yrs.
7. LADY EDITH, brown mare by Citadel.
8. RIGEL, bay gelding by Orion out of Skipaway, 6 yrs.
9. MIDNIGHT, black chestnut mare, 8 yrs.
10. SUNBEAM, brown mare by Gemma di Vergy, 9 yrs.; winner of the Ladies' Purse at Melton, 1876.
11. GOLD COAST, chestnut gelding by Will Scratte out of Fannie, 8 yrs.; winner of the Selling Stakes at the Pytchley Hunt Steeple-chases, 1877, the Selling Stakes at Hopping Hill Steeple-chases, 1878, and of the Burton Hunters Steeple-chase at Lichfield, 1878.
12. MILLTOWN, chestnut gelding by General Hesse, 7 yrs.; winner of the Hunters' Welter Hurdle Race at Lichfield, 1878, and winner of second prize at Dublin Horse Show.
13. MULETEER, bay gelding, 7 yrs.; winner of the Gentlemen's Welter Steeplechase at Tarporley, 1876, and the Tally ho Stakes at the Pytchley Hunt Steeplechases, 1877.
14. MUSKETEER, chestnut gelding by the Marquis, 7 yrs.; winner of the Empress of Austria's Cup at the Duke of Grafton's Steeplechases, 1876.
15. REMORSE, bay gelding by Lothario out of Windischgratz (own brother to Revenge), 8 yrs.
16. CONNAUGHT, bay gelding, 9 yrs.
17. BAY, bay gelding, 6 yrs.

All these horses have regularly carried a lady to hounds, and are perfect hunters. Nos. 16 and 17 have been driven in harness together, also as leaders in a team, and have been ridden as hacks at Newmarket.

NOTICE.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to inform the Public that their STALLS are all booked for MONDAY'S SALES till JULY 1st, and for THURSDAY'S till the 27th of June. Albert Gate, Hyde Park, April 26th, 1878.

DATE of Messrs. TATTERSALL'S SALES of YEARLINGS.

On SATURDAY, June 15th, Mr. Hume Webster's and others, at Marston Deep Park.

On SATURDAY, June 22nd, the Stud Company's, at Cobham.

On SATURDAY, June 29th, the Royal Yearlings, at the Hampton Court Paddocks.

On SATURDAY, July 6th, the Middle Park Sale.

THE MIDDLE PARK SALE will take place on SATURDAY, the 6th of July, the Saturday after Stockbridge and before the July Meeting. Mr. Blenkiron has decided on this day instead of the Saturday in the Derby week in consequence of many of his yearlings being May foals, and the Derby week would be too early to get them ready for sale.

There are a large number of Rosicrucians, and Mr. Blenkiron and others think them the best lot ever offered at Middle Park.

Every lot will be sold absolutely without reserve.

HORSES.—Important and unreserved Sale of valuable Horses.—In consequence of the disposal of the Lease of the whole of their premises at Cricklewood to the Andover and Weyhill Horse Company (Limited), Messrs. Newman and Lansley, the well-known dealers in horses, have instructed

MESSRS. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors of Aldridge's, to SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, at their Repository, St. Martin's-lane, on WEDNESDAY, May 22nd, 1878, the whole of their sale stock of FORTY Young Sound HORSES, which have been selected by them with great care in Ireland. Amongst them are several superior weight-carrying and blood hunters of high character, also riding and harness horses. The Body-break with leading bars, the headed Buggy, Landau, Cart, Harness, Saddles and Bridles, Clothing, &c., will follow the horses. The stock will be on show at Cricklewood on Thursday and Friday, May 17th and 18th, and at Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, on Monday, May 20th, and until the sale. Messrs. W. and S. Freeman beg to call special attention to this genuine sale, and the opportunity of selecting valuable horses which have passed the veterinary surgeon.

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By permission of Major Browne, Noblemen, Gentlemen, and others are invited by Mr. Cave to enter Horses for this Sale.

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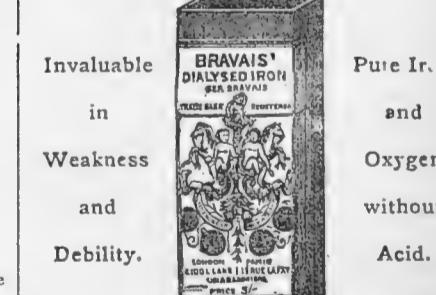
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

DRAMATICUS.—1. *The Forest of Bondy* was first produced at Covent Garden Theatre on October 27th, 1814. Another play, with the same plot slightly varied, appeared under the same title in the same month at "The Circus," now better known as the Surrey Theatre. Where it was last played, we cannot tell. 2. No such record exists. 3. *The Iron Chest* was first produced at Drury Lane Theatre, in March 1796, with Mr. Kemble as Sir Edward Mortimer, and proved a complete failure. It was afterwards reproduced at the Haymarket Theatre, with Elliston as Mortimer. Its original failure was attributed by its author—Colman—to John Kemble's bad acting and careless management, and he therefore attacked him with violent personal abuse in a long preface attached to the play when

first printed. Kemble, we believe, succeeded in convincing Colman that he was in error, and consequently the preface was suppressed in all the following editions: copies of the play containing it are now very scarce, and at book-sellers fetch high prices.

E. W.—Prynne, in his "Histriomastix" (1613), makes the same complaint against Shakspeare. His words are: "Shacspeer's plaies are printed in the best crowne paper, far better than most Bibles." There is nothing new under the sun.

CHARLES TOWNSEND.—Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance on the Scottish stage at Edinburgh in 1784. She played nine nights, and realised nearly thousand pounds. The doors of the theatre were besieged on each evening, six hours before the commencement of the performance, by an immense crowd of people, the bulk of whom did not succeed in obtaining admission.

CAROLUS.—It was said some years since that Mr. Buckstone had written his Life. Why he has not published it we cannot say: we earnestly hope that he has not lost his Life.

J. M. F.—In 1806 the Birmingham Theatre was under the management of the elder Macready.

S. D.—We remember seeing a sketch of Dunstan Castle, made in 1772. There was an outer wall then standing, which enclosed a considerable space of ground. There was also a fosse, and remnants of lofty inner ramparts surrounding the extensive remains of the castle. Tradition records the existence of two mighty witches who lived in the immediate neighbourhood of this fortress in the time of the gigantic Macbeth—one at Collace, the other not far from the castle at a place called Cape—and also points out a moor in the parish of St. Martin's as that on which the witches used to meet, at a place long after called "The Witches Stone."

Z. A. F.—Both the Odéon and the Théâtre Français are largely subsidised by the State. No theatre in this country receives State aid.

HARRY C. L.—You will find the life of a country actor anything but an easy one. Mr. Terry, who was at one time strolling with a manager whose company—called an Opera Troupe!—consisted otherwise of the manager's wife, "who was the band," and two small boys—the youngest ten years of age—says when he was in the country he used to play in "three new pieces every night in addition to singing four comic songs between the acts, at a salary of 18s. weekly, which was not always paid; attend rehearsals from 10 a.m. to 4 or 5 p.m. daily; and act from 6.30 until 11.30; afterwards studying until 3 or 4 in the morning." Do you think this would be a pleasant life for a young gentleman of your position and attainments?

V. W.—Yes; he played "Hamlet" in several towns, but we should think never more than once in each.

ROSCIO.—1. It was the king who in reply to the prelate of Paris' objection to bury Molière in consecrated ground because he was a player, enquired to what depth consecrated earth was holy, and being told the number of feet said, sarcastically, "Then bury Molière a little lower."

2. Plato makes his ideal republicans banish plays from their commonwealth as immoral in their tendencies.

3. The great fire in Covent Garden, to assist the sufferers from which both the patent theatres gave benefit performances, broke out in the shop of a cabinetmaker on December 23rd, 1759, in King-street, Covent Garden. About fifty houses were burnt down, and a much larger number seriously damaged; several lives were lost, and many persons maimed and otherwise injured. The fire extended to Long Acre.

MUSICAL.

E. AITKINS.—Madame Etelka Gerster made her farewell appearance at St. Petersburg on the 8th of March, in *La Traviata*

P.—D.—Mr. Cramer was a German musician of high repute who came over to this country in the latter part of the last century. He was many years leader at the Opera, and died in October, 1799.

RED.—"The *corno di bassetto*" may be said to hold a place between the clarinet and bassoon, so far as volume of tone is concerned. It is usually played by clarinettists, and one of the best modern players of the instrument is Mr. Maycock, now first clarinet of the Royal Italian Opera. It was expressly for this artist that Balfé wrote the long introductory symphony to "The heart bowed down."

R. S. P.—We believe that Messrs. Metzler and Co. have constructed a handsome concert room in their new premises at Marlborough-street, but we cannot tell you whether it will be let on hire to concert givers. You should apply to them on the subject.

R. NEWTON.—We have no doubt that you could ascertain the best mode of "obtaining elementary instruction in choral music, sight-singing, &c.," by applying to Mr. Frederic Archer, director of the Alexandra Palace Choir.

S. JOV.—The first horn player at the Royal Italian Opera is Mr. Stennebrun, and a letter addressed to him at Covent Garden Theatre will no doubt meet with attention. We concur with you in the opinion that he is the finest living performer on the horn. We do not know whether he gives lessons.

MISCELLANEOUS.

P. B.—There are numerous conjectures extant as to who the Man in the Iron Mask really was. We think the most probable of all the many stories which have been told to account for that mystery is also one of the oldest—that which says he was the elder brother of Louis XIV., whom he closely resembled, and that neither of the brothers was the legitimate son of Louis XIII., who, ignorant of the elder brother's existence, promised before the birth of the second illegitimate son to keep the frailty of his wife, the beautiful and ill-treated Anne of Austria—to whom he had been married twenty years—a profound secret, and accept the coming son as his legitimate heir and firstborn son. Cardinal Mazarin, when dying, confided to Louis XIV. the secret of his birth, and the fact of his brother's existence in an obscure part of the kingdom, a secret which once discovered and made known would have produced serious mischief, disastrous both to the King and the country. At a secret council called by the King, every member of which was bound to secrecy by a solemn oath, it was determined that the firstborn son should be sacrificed to secure the safety of the State, and that to save the King from the guilt of shedding that brother's blood he should be confined a close prisoner for life, wearing an iron mask, because his striking likeness to the King would otherwise engender suspicions and inquiries, whereby the real facts might come to light. Louis XIII. and Anne had been living apart for some long time before the elder brother's birth. It is known that the Man in the Iron Mask arrived a prisoner at the island of St. Margaret a few months after Cardinal Mazarin's death in March 1661, when Louis XIV. was twenty-three years of age. It is also known that the Cardinal held a singular power over Anne of Austria, who towards the end of her life became a devotee; that those who professed to know who the so strangely-masked and strictly-guarded prisoner was, declared the secret to be one seriously affecting the State; and, moreover, as Voltaire asserts, no person of any consequence or name in Europe had suddenly disappeared at the time; in short, the dates and circumstances all correspond, and support a story which seriously affects the Royal claims of the great House of Bourbon.

A. H. L.—Write to John Lillywhite, Seymour-street, Euston-square. WILL.—The Russian verst is about the same as three-quarters of an English mile.

G. H.—The increase of ships and vessels employed on the Thames amounted in the course of the eighteenth century to six thousand five hundred and forty-seven. One million three hundred and twenty-seven thousand three hundred and sixty-three was the increase of tonnage.

D. R.—Several attempts have been made in the course of the last two hundred years to introduce the Spanish donkey into this country.

C. C.—Corn was first sold by weight in the reign of Edward I., in 1282 before that time it was always sold by measure.

A. R.—

was anticipated by his admirers in yearling days. So the chestnut filly stepped modestly out of the Doncaster sale-ring for 200 guineas, and was soon forgotten among the "moderate-priced ones" of her year; albeit, no one stood more staunchly by her than Mr. Cookson, who predicted for her a future more brilliant than any of his lot, which contained, as usual, some excellent specimens of The Palmer's stock. Like most of the progeny of that sire, Pilgrimage was slow in ripening, but with the bloom once upon her, victories came thick and fast, and she knew defeat but once, when Beauclerc and Emilius got before her in the Middle Park Plate. With both these formidable foemen cleared from her path, what wonder that she has once more reasserted her claim to be called the best of her sex, if not of her year, and that her meeting with Silvio, Hampton, and other cracks in the Ascot Cup is anticipated with the keen pleasure that all must feel in the prospect of witnessing such a war of giants? It is not often that the stain of doubtful parentage (if stain it may be called) attaches to the winners of great races, as in the case of Thormanby, but of Pilgrimage we may be certain that she is to be credited, not to the stalwart son of Young Melbourne, whose brides were so many but his offspring so few; but to The Palmer, whose counterfeit presentment she is in many points, while scarcely a trace of The Earl's characteristics is to be found in her. Thormanby was not more surely a scion of Windhound than is Pilgrimage a daughter of the sire of which it may be said he was the greatest loss this country has sustained for many a year. Lady Audley, the dam of Pilgrimage, is likewise one of Mr. Cookson's own breeding, and now only in her eleventh year, but with a dead Palmer filly in 1877 have vanished all hopes of a second Pellegrino or Pilgrimage, albeit the Weatherbit strain is still abundantly represented in this country by Rosicrucian, Pero Gomez, and Blue Gown, the latter only a sojourner among us. Lady Audley is the first of the daughters of Macaroni who has built up for herself an imperishable name, and doubtless it was the union of the Sweetmeat and Jerry bloods which caused her to find such favour in Mr. Cookson's eyes, for her racing history is a blank, and she is another instance of how "blood will tell," albeit its excellence may be dormant for a generation, and all the virtue may appear to have passed out of it. How many examples of this *celata virtus* can we not recall; and how many mistakes committed in an opposite direction, by taking it for granted that like must beget like, and forgetting that, as Homer must sometimes be allowed to nod, so the best-bred horses occasionally show not even the shadow of form, but should not on that account be forthwith condemned to "cold obstruction"? It is the wise and farseeing only who profit by these errors on the part of the weaker brethren, and who are content to bide their time, certain of ultimate success, because upheld by the teachings of "old experience."

Scoffers at "theory" in breeding, and disbelievers in those who prefer it to the rough-and-ready "rule-of-thumb" calculations which have produced so many ill-assorted unions, have received a knock-down blow from which they will take a long time to recover, now that the performances of Pilgrimage have again brought into prominence the name of a gentleman who has every reason to be proud of such an addition to the ranks of winners produced by him during the long time he has catered for racing men as a breeder for public sale. We need not run through the long list of celebrities hailing from Neasham, a spot long associated in the minds of dwellers in the South as well as in the North with Kings and Queens of the Turf, who have gone forth to conquer from their high-built nurseries on the hilltop overlooking moor and wold, and having its base watered by the eddies of swirling Tees. People may talk of the "luck of the house" if they please, but they must be aware of more powerful influences than this lurking in the background, if they would read aright the tale of success, and give honour where honour is due. Be it remembered that Mr. Cookson has succeeded in maintaining his reputation over a long period of years, and that his success cannot be referred to any particular strain or blood, or to any of those so-called "gold mines" in the shape of dams of important winners, which have brought into prominent notice for a time other breeding collections. Possibly no one has had a greater variety of sires in hand at different times than Mr. Cookson, while it should also be borne in mind that his stock of brood mares has never exceeded the very moderate limits placed upon it by the master mind which aims at making its hobby a source of pleasurable occupation instead of a burden of trouble and anxiety. Mr. Cookson has steadfastly withstood the temptation, to which so many of his brethren have succumbed, of extending his operations to the point where amusement ends and drudgery begins; and has consequently not fallen a victim to that *cacoethes acquirendi* by the instrumentality of which collections have been swelled to such an extent as to cause the final abandonment of projects, manageable enough if kept within rational bounds, but having a tendency to become unwieldy if these are exceeded. Out of a comparatively small stud, then, it is all the more creditable to have produced so large a proportion of high-class racehorses: bearing in mind also the fact that the conditions of situation and climate at Neasham, so far from being exceptionally favourable, might be described as the reverse, did not experience show that the successful production of the thoroughbred is limited to no specially eligible situations, so long as certain counter-acting influences can be avoided. We have always held to the belief that one of the greatest if not the great secret of success with Mr. Cookson has been, firstly, his thorough knowledge of the subject undertaken by him, and secondly, the will and the power personally to supervise the operations of his servants during that most important period in the lives of all things living—their early days. The difficulty of properly exercising this personal supervision increases of course with the numbers to be controlled; and it is doubtless for the reason that only a certain number could have full justice done to them, that has strengthened Mr. Cookson in his resolve to keep his establishment within bounds. There are doubtless many excellent and trustworthy servants, capable of carrying out the orders of their superiors, and having a real interest in the welfare of their charges. But

after all, the eye of the master is indispensable, and he will be rewarded with the best and most profitable results who, with "love in the heart and knowledge in the head," willingly undertakes the duties as well as the pleasures attendant upon his hobby. The old and vulgar but o'er-true maxim still holds good, and breeders may profitably apply it to themselves—"If you want a thing done, do it yourself."

"A CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN."

MR. SOTHERN signalled his return to the Haymarket, on Saturday night last, by the production of what may be termed a free adaptation of Mr. Byron's comedy, *The Promoter's Box*. Under its new guise the piece bears the name of *A Crushed Tragedian*. It has, according to all accounts, met with great success in New York, where the eccentric person upon whom Mr. Sothern is understood to have modelled his extraordinary impersonation is well-known. While the leading incidents of *The Promoter's Box* are preserved in *A Crushed Tragedian*, the treatment adopted in the latter piece is such as to obliterate much of its likeness to the "original." The curtain comes down more frequently than it did in *The Promoter's Box*, in order to afford Mr. Sothern opportunities for effective pictures or exits. Novel prominence is given to the small part of Captain Racket—played in this instance by an American actor, of whom a word or two presently—and the leading rôle, as it is enacted by Mr. Sothern, is "fattened" (to borrow a homely phrase of the footlights) out of all recognition. For the rest—not forgetting two other importations from the other side of the Atlantic, who cannot be in any sense regarded as acquisitions—the humour and pathos of the piece are well sustained by Mr. Howe as the old prompter, by Miss Marion Terry, and, in a lesser but not unacceptable manner by Mr. Conway. In order to get rid at once of the disagreeable part of our task, let us observe that the Captain Racket of Mr. George Holland, who made his first appearance in this country on Saturday night, is a mistake. That the artist has humour may be admitted, but it is the humour of the cornerman of the Christy's, and is therefore quite out of place in a part like that of Captain Racket. His simulation of deafness was comic enough but it was not new, and his *mal-apropos* speeches (which were certainly not invented by Mr. Henry J. Byron) were, perhaps, the feeblest drivel of the kind that ever passed the lips of man. Is Mr. George Holland his own author? The only useful end served by this wondrously impossible Captain Racket was that it proved beyond doubt the remarkably elastic complaisance of American playgoers. We hope before long to be afforded an opportunity of seeing Mr. George Holland in a part worthier of his evident capacity to portray in droll fashion the humorous and the eccentric.

Be it said at once that Sothern's *Crushed Tragedian* is superb. Whether or not it is like the famous Johannes is no concern of ours. In its grim grotesque humour, its consistent thickly laid-on-colour, and (to steal another term from the studio) wild drawing and daring realism it is unique. When you get over the somewhat painful impression conveyed by the gratingly broken sounds of an irretrievably ruined voice—which is not soon—when you have satisfied yourself that Mr. Sothern is not suffering from a hopelessly incurable cold, and you take pains to analyse the picture, it is impossible not to feel the deepest admiration for the art which has built it up. If genius consists of an infinite capacity to take pains then is Mr. Sothern a genius of a high order. Head and face are "made up" with a care that is remarkable even in these days of illusive stage disguise, and there is not a bit of the costume that has not had the same thought bestowed upon it. But for the wild humour of the speeches and the grotesqueness of his actions, Fitzaltamont, as played by Mr. Sothern, would belong to the domain of tragedy. It is emphatically a Robsonian study. This is curiously observable in the earnestness which underlies the mock majesty of his attitudes—in his manner of expressing belief in himself—in his angularly Malvolio-like dignity. It is not a funny impersonation in the sense that Lord Dundreary was funny, but it is infinitely more humorous, and is just as distinctly individualised a creation. A bounding throughout in those touches of laughter-breeding humour over which Mr. Sothern holds such sway, it is nevertheless rather an impersonation to be studied than merely guffawed at. On Saturday night *A Crushed Tragedian* was received with what is termed qualified approval. Without inquiring too curiously into the cause of this, we may suggest that a portion of the disfavour was traceable to the failure of two of the three new artists who appeared to entirely please the audience, and the rest to any of those minor causes for unreasoning discontent which are never absent from a first-night audience. *A Crushed Tragedian* deserves to run, and we sincerely believe that it will run successfully as long as Mr. Sothern chooses to keep it in the bill. It is mounted with good taste, one of the interiors especially being remarkable for its daintiness and rich colour.

AN American contemporary (*The Country*) says:—"We are in the midst of another excitement about hydrophobia, and the timid and nervous are trembling with apprehensions of a fierce canine outbreak. The moving cause of alarm just now is the death of a boy who was bitten upon the lip by a spitz dog, and who a few days thereafter was said to have shown unmistakable signs of the terrible disease. He had the usual aversion to water, the saliva ran copiously from his mouth, and he was afflicted with convulsions. Notwithstanding these so-called infallible indications, an autopsy proved beyond all question that death resulted from a wholly different cause. It was not hydrophobia, but suffocation from the presence of a foreign substance in the lungs, that substance consisting of pieces of the shell and other portions of an egg. Of course this discovery at once put an end to the report as to hydrophobia, and another ungrounded charge was thus disposed of. And yet now many cases are there similar to this in which the real cause is overlooked or never thoroughly investigated! That there is such a terrible disease there can be no doubt, but we are too often led by our fears to rash and hasty conclusions, and many deaths that would have occurred had there been no dog in the case have been credited to some unfortunate canine who was sacrificed to the ignorance of his slayer. We are no champion of curs or mongrels, and we would prefer to see the pure breeds take their place; but we cannot join in this indiscriminate warfare upon these helpless victims of an unreasoning and panic-stricken community. By all means get rid of vagrant dogs. No person has a right to the ownership of an animal he cannot support, and it is a painful sight to see one of these wretched, half-starved creatures running about our public streets, objects of torture to every cruel little gamin that falls in their way. Such an exhibition, however, as that which was recently witnessed over in Jersey, when the people of a certain locality ran a-muck against all the dogs of the place—good, bad, and indifferent—the well-bred and the mongrel alike—such an exhibition is disgraceful to a civilised people. Let the law, or the ordinance, be enforced, but let there be an end of such butchery."

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BENTON!

LET it be soon! Life was not made to long
For distant hours of dim futurity;
Thy presence soothes me like some far-off song.
Oh! where my heart has rested let it lie,
Hope is the morning: love the afternoon.

Let it be soon!

LET it be soon! The treasured daylight dies
And changes sadly to the chill of night;
But summer reigns for ever in these eyes,
And at thy touch grief stealth out of sight.
After sad years of longing, love must swoon.

Let it be soon!

LET it be soon! Love cannot live like this,
Lost in a maze of wild expectancy;
Life can endure if solaced by a kiss,
But Faith, if unrewarded, it must die.
Thou art cold winter; I am sun in June.

Let it be soon!

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

"THE LITTLE DUKE" AT THE PHILHARMONIC.

THE first production at the Philharmonic Theatre of an English version of *Le Petit Duc* was hardly so successful as the undoubted merits of the book, as well as of the music led us to expect it would be. In the first place, the performance was unconsciously prolonged, it being close upon mid-night before the curtain fell. Yet, although the plot of the piece is exceedingly slight, it cannot be said that the libretto is in any portion tedious. MM. Meilhac and Halvay are such consummate masters of their craft that they never fall into the error, common enough with dramatists, of allowing the action to flag or of over-weighting it with super-abundant dialogue. The story of *Le Petit Duc* cannot compare for dramatic interest, with that of *La Grande Duchesse* or of *La Perichole*. Nevertheless, the authors have so skilfully handled it that, borne along as it is upon a current of brilliant and exhilarating music, we are constrained to think that if full justice were done in the acting and execution of it, this comic opera could not fail to go briskly and unhaltingly from beginning to end. No complaint can be made of the manner in which Messrs. Savile Rowe and Bolton Rowe have carried out their adaptation. They have done their work neatly and appreciatively, and their English book compares most favourably with the illiterate and vulgar versions of *opera-bouffe* to which we have erewhile been accustomed, and more especially at the Philharmonic Theatre. The Messrs. Rowe have paraphrased the original dialogue into good English when there was no necessity to alter the sense of it, and at points when it became practically untranslatable they have furnished happy equivalents.

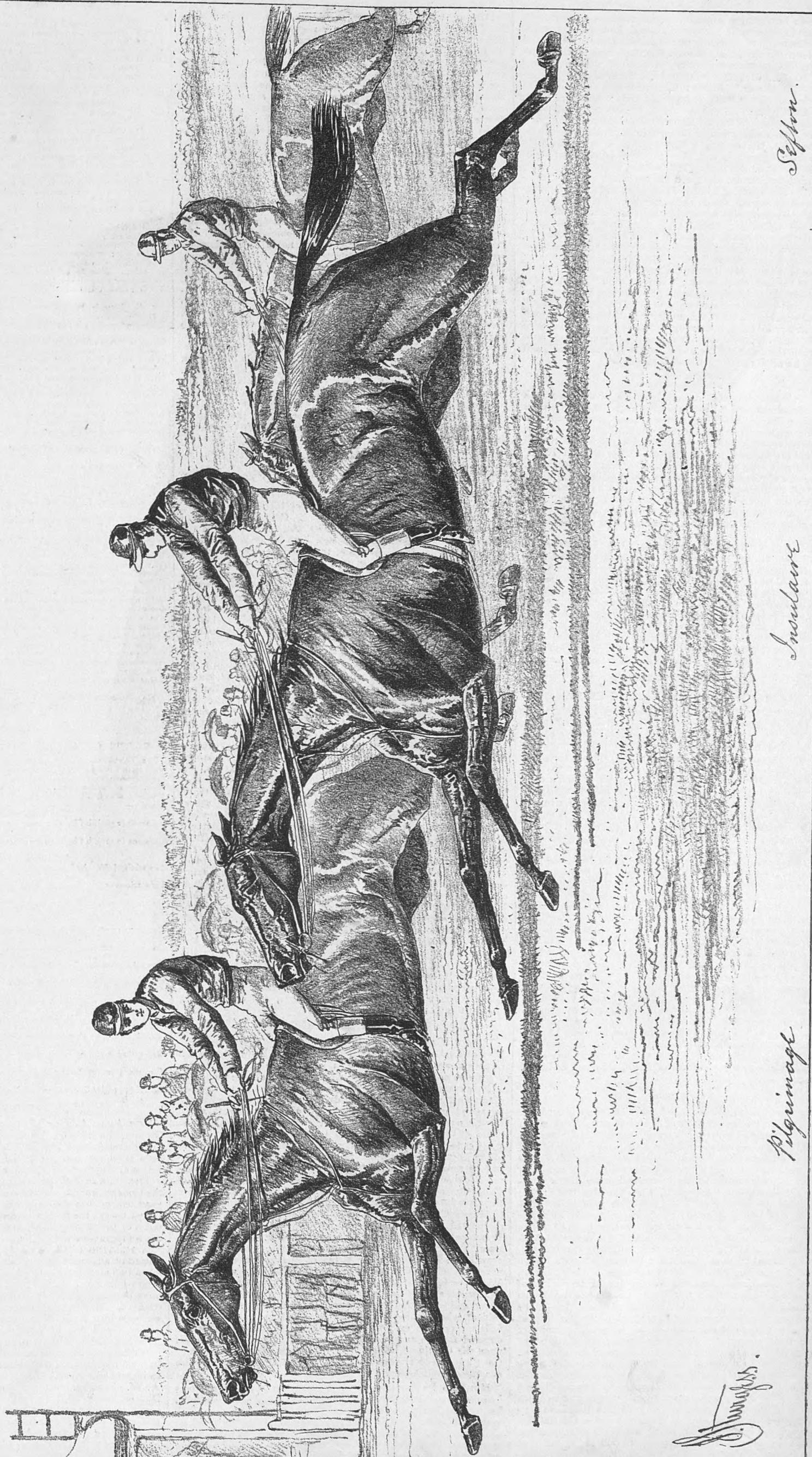
The question arises then, Why, if both book and music are good, should *The Little Duke* have proved a comparative failure on the first night? Was the acting inadequate? Speaking of the principal parts, which are only five in number, we cannot altogether say that it was. But the several performers we will consider presently. It seems to us that the shortcomings of the first performance were due to inefficient stage-management. Granted that the libretto is not a short one, and that there is perhaps a greater quantity of music in the opera than is common, we still contend that *The Little Duke*, if it had been performed with the due amount of alacrity and decision—if the "drill," so to speak, of the company had been perfect, and the tedious waits between the acts avoided in consequence, the piece would have proceeded without a halt, and would have concluded at the fit hour. It is very well to say that *The Little Duke* was in rehearsal for some five weeks. This only makes the incompleteness of the first performance more deplorable. One week's rehearsal with decided and thorough stage-management would have achieved a more satisfactory result. We do not at all agree with those who think the English version of *Le Petit Duc* a failure *per se*. On the contrary we think it an excellent comic opera, and are disappointed that it was not introduced to us more satisfactorily.

The second act opens with what in our opinion is the best comedy scene throughout the opera. The young ladies are assembled round the Directress who, with a conductor wand, is leading them through a chorus. This scene is in the genuine comedy vein, and in the hands of Miss Emma Chambers its humour is capitally illustrated. We have long considered this lady one of the most intelligent burlesque actresses our stage possesses, and have frequently had to regret that in the vast regions of the Alhambra her abilities seldom had fit opportunity. In *The Little Duke*, however, as the Superior of the Convent she has her opportunity, and she makes the most of it. She shows a thorough appreciation of the humour, and acts and sings the part without an atom of exaggeration, yet still with a comical gravity and point that are sufficiently mirth-compelling. Miss Emma Chambers does not exhibit a lingering trace of the violent clowning, characteristic of the Leicester-square establishment which she has so lately quitted. Mr. Harry Paulton, on the other hand, brings the Alhambra along with him. In Frimousse he has the chief, in fact we may say the only, broad comedy part in *The Little Duke*, yet he has not been content to play it as the authors have set it down, but has made the truculent tutor simply a repetition of his notorious Alhambra impersonations. We presume Mr. Paulton had the sanction of the management for discarding the school scene as it is set down, and for interpolating a stump speech of his own, after his accustomed Alhambra fashion. We should be the last in the world to object to the low comedian in extravaganza for endeavouring to wake up a flagging scene with impromptu drolleries. But surely it would have been more becoming in Mr. Paulton on the first night had he paid the authors the respect of delivering their dialogue as it is set down in the book. We would remind him that *The Little Duke* is not a haphazard Alhambra burlesque, but a high-class musical comedy, and that although his doubtless vastly-clever original composition provokes some of the audience to laughter, its introduction in the middle of MM. Meilhac and Halvay's libretto was most unseemly. It is said that there is some likelihood of *The Little Duke* making his appearance at a West-end theatre, under more favourable conditions than those which trammelled him upon his first introduction into English society. We hope this project will come to pass, for we believe success will attend it.

ON Saturday week the May meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club was brought to a close at St. Andrews, when a fine professional single was played between Tom Morris and Bob Kirk against Jamie Anderson and Bob Martin. The weather was fine, the game was two rounds, and it was closely contested. The first ended all even, and the second only resulted in favour of the latter couple by one at the last hole.



MR. SOTHERN AS A CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN.



NEWMARKET SPRING MEETING—THE FINISH FOR THE TWO THOUSAND,

WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

RANSFORD AND SON, 2, Princes-street, W.—It seems to become an increasingly popular custom among composers and publishers to issue musical works in a serial form—a plan which has the advantage of providing materials for separate volumes of music, special in character. Messrs. Ransford have recently published the first four numbers (price 3s. each) of "Glover's Portfolio of National Melodies, composed and arranged for the Piano-forte by F. S. Glover." In No 1, England is illustrated by "The British Grenadier," "Rule Britannia," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me" (Query, an Irish melody?). In Nos. 2, 3, and 4, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales are similarly illustrated, and the music of Continental nations will doubtless furnish materials for future numbers. Mr. Glover has a high reputation as a writer of piano-forte arrangements, and his "Portfolio of National Melodies" is worthy of his fame. The various tunes are agreeably ornamented, and are not disfigured in the usual style of "transcribers." The fingering is carefully marked, and as the arrangements are easy to play, and at the same time effective, they will probably prove highly serviceable to teachers as well as to amateurs.—"Munster," price 4s., is the first of a series of piano-forte arrangements, entitled "The Provinces of Ireland." The arranger, Mr. Michael Watson, has written a brilliant fantasia introducing "Garry Owen" and "The Banks of the Shannon." Whether he is justified in dotting the first and fourth semi-quavers in each of the first eight bars of "Garry Owen" we feel disposed to doubt, but there can be no question that he has written a bright and effective piano-forte solo.—"The Bravo's Ride," price 4s., words by E. Oxenford, music by T. Distin. A "bravo" is a wretch who earns money by murdering people who have never injured him. By amateurs who can sympathise with monsters of this kind Mr. Oxenford's verses may be relished, and they may be willing to forgive such rhyme as—

Then fights he on
Till main'd and prone.

Mr. Distin has not invested the amiable hero of the song with musical attractions, and "The Bravo's Ride" is not likely to elicit laudatory "Bravos!"—The undermentioned songs, price 4s. each are composed by Franz Abt, and the English words are by E. Oxenford:—"La Zingara," a gipsy carol, is full of tuneful gaiety, and the words are well written.—"The Land of Rest" is a sentimental song of the namby-pamby order, and the poet, who longs for a "haven bright, Where day outshines and quells the night," is apparently unaware that "day" generally does "outshine the night." Such faulty rhymes as "hours" and "pours" are inexcusable.—"Thine Own" is one of Franz Abt's best songs. The melody is charming, and the words are excellent.

DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford-street, W.—"Les Belles de la Cour," price 3s., by F. S. George, is a melodious and well-written schottische.—"Love and Laurels," price 4s., by A. H. Thomson. A set of waltzes, varied and agreeable in respect of melody, easy to play, and well suited to dancing purposes.—"Galop de Concert," price 4s., by M. Bergson. A bright and effective piano-forte solo, of only moderate difficulty.—"Polonia," price 3s., by M. Bergson. A graceful mazurka, imbued with the characteristics of the Polish dance music.—"Invitation à la Polka," price 3s., by M. Bergson. A well-written piano-forte solo, in which the polka rhythm is subjected to varied treatment.

THE ALEXANDRA DRAMATIC CLUB.

ON Thursday, the 9th inst., the members of the Alexandra Dramatic Club gave their concluding entertainment for the season at St. George's Theatre; when the farce of *Boots at the Swan*, and a new version of Dickens's "Edwin Drood" were played before a numerous and fashionable audience. From the manner in which these pieces were produced we have no doubt that the Alexandra Dramatic Club is entitled to the praise of being considered the first amateur dramatic club in London. The *piece de résistance*, *Alive or Dead*, is based upon the unfinished story of our greatest novelist. As presented by Mr. Robert Hall, the plot is well worked out, and the sequence is well maintained except in the last act wherein John Jasper is made, in violation of the well-known Horatian rule, to commit suicide upon the stage. It was only the carelessness of Mr. C. Melville—who personated Jasper—that prevented this scene from receiving the condemnation of the audience. Of the acting throughout we must speak with warm approbation. The "make-up" of Durdles was artistic; the three principal characters, Jasper, Edwin Drood, and Rosa Budd—played by C. Melville, R. Hall, and Miss Kate Carlyon—acquitted themselves in a manner calculated to do credit to the professional stage. Mr. Melville entered into the spirit of his part *con amore*, displaying a considerable amount of dramatic power; all who were present were impressed with his portrayal of the hypocritical friend, the eager lover, and the willing murderer of his confiding nephew. Miss Carlyon very ably fulfilled her task in representing one of Dickens's heroines, at once child-like and resolute, and won golden opinions from all. Her performance was finished and artistic—worthy of any professional stage. This lady appears to have become, and deservedly, a favourite with all the leading clubs. Mr. Hall, as Edwin Drood, played well, some parts of his acting was really good; he, however, was not uniform in the third act, he lacked power and was very "jerky."

I HAD hoped that the late Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race had become a "thing of the past," and that the feud which some persons seem to be trying to set up between the Universities and the Press had subsided until next year. I cannot, however, allow some remarks which have appeared in the *Whitehall Review* to pass unnoticed, as they are manifestly unfair. I do not know where our weekly contemporary "derives" some of its extraordinary "inspirations," especially when it states that "The Times, Field, Standard, Pall Mall, and Land and Water criticisms are about the only papers which are written by *bond fide* rowing-men; the rest of the daily and sporting journals derive their inspirations from pens which would be better at home writing shorthand in a police-court than criticising oarsmanship, when they do not know an oar from a broomstick." Press-men will no doubt be surprised to hear that some of their brethren reside in police-courts. Probably the syntax of the writer of these choice lines is a little faulty, like that of the gentleman who wrote in one of the evening contemporaries aforesaid:—"The introduction of the sliding seat has done much to equalise the pace of crews, by giving inferior oarsmen an easier opportunity of exerting their strength. The better the style the less the advantage from the slide. Over a short course a strong crew on slides can afford to disregard style, but over so long and trying a course as the metropolitan strength must be economised, and it can only be economised by a careful attention to the rules of good rowing." If these "*bond fide* rowing-men" are to give us much of this sort of thing, the opinion will prevail that they have misinterpreted their avocation, and some of them may realise the fact that to render oneself intelligible on rowing matters in print qualifications are necessary other than being able to pull at the end of an oar with the power of a "navvy."—*Bell's Life*.

YACHTING.

THE annual meeting of the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron was held on Saturday afternoon at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, for the purpose of receiving the annual report and balance-sheet, and balloting for new members from a numerous list of candidates for admission into the senior yacht club of the kingdom. Mr. Grant, the secretary, presented the annual report and balance-sheet, showing that the club was in a most flourishing condition, which was received and adopted, and arrangements were made for the coming season. The regatta will take place at Cowes at the usual time in August next. A ballot for new members then took place, and the following were declared to be duly elected:—Viscount Petersham, Gazelle, cutter, 36 tons; Lord Hastings, Aline, schooner, 210 tons; Mr. Ernest Cust, Bianca, cutter, 75 tons; Mr. E. Baring, Nixie, yawl, 80 tons; the Earl of Wicklow, Kala Fish, schooner, 70 tons. The following were elected as honorary members:—Captain J. Crawford Wilson, R.N. (Her Majesty's ship Thunderer), Commander R. Roche, R.N., Commander J. Fellowes, R.N. (Her Majesty's ship Minotaur), Commander Thomas S. Brand, R.N., Captain William Codrington, R.N., Commander V. G. Scott, R.N. (Her Majesty's ship Lapwing), Commander J. Elliot Pringle. Thanks were then voted to the noble Commodore for presiding, and the business terminated.

THE Royal London, the Erith, and the Corinthian Yacht Clubs all opened their season on Saturday at and near Erith. The Royal London cruise was led by Mr. J. S. Earle, the vice-commodore, in his yacht Leah, followed by the Griffin steamship (Mr. C. E. Dashwood), Aquiline, Florence, Elaine, Zephyr, Vanessa, and another or two, and the yachts took their course to Gravesend. The Erith Club, Commodore Mr. Loftus Perkins, headed his fleet in the yacht Emily, followed by the vice, Mr. E. S. Milnes, in his yacht Eva, and by Mr. Harvey's Bonita, Mr. Bayley's Merle, Mr. Little's Florence, Mr. Beadle's Heron, Mr. Moore's Preciosa, Mr. Whalley's Taffy, Mr. Bains's Juliet, Mr. Penn's Macassar, Mr. Turner's Mildred, Captain Coleman's Gamecock, Mr. Brown's Waterwitch, and two or three others, and the club afterwards dined at the Pear Hotel. After the return from the cruise many of the yachts accompanied the Corinthian Club commodore for a little trip.

THE GLASGOW AGRICULTURAL AND DOG SHOW.

"LET Glasgow flourish" is the well-chosen motto of the "second city" of the Empire. To accomplish this laudable end the twenty-third annual exhibition of the Glasgow Agricultural Society—held here last week—lent its aid. It was one of the most successful of the Society's shows, both for stock and implements, the beauty and breed of the animals showing what a healthy stimulus can attain in that direction. To the judicious care and forethought of Mr. Mark Marshall, the secretary, much of this is due, the society having now attained dimensions which astonish its warmest well-wishers. The show of Ayrshire cattle was excellent both for form and condition, 217 specimens being exhibited in this class. The horses were the "admired of all admirers," and the grand feature of the show, The Clydesdale, being here in the best of his far-famed form of bone and muscle; jumpers, roadsters, harness-mares and ponies were all well represented. The Scottish farmer himself was also to be seen in his element with his buxom wife and handsome well-dressed daughters, giving one the idea that the Caledonian agriculturalist has good back at his bankers. The Grand Stand was well patronised by the élite of the city and neighbourhood, the ladies and gentlemen coming out strong at the jumping hour, especially when the different styles of the various candidates for high flying honours caused much amusement to the spectators generally, and chagrin to the unsuccessful; especially to such as our friend in the sketch, who went down to let them "See how it was done, you know, you know." Near the same ground Mr. Henry Martin, to whom dog fanciers and breeders in the "Land o' Cakes" owe so much, with his usual energy opened his Seventh National Scottish Dog Show, the idea having originated with him in 1871, when he made a beginning with a splendid show of some six or seven hundred dogs from all parts of the kingdom. His present exhibition, although not so strong in quantity, was remarkable for the quality of some of the specimens, amongst the more favoured of which may be found the originals of those in the accompanying drawing, the Scotch terrier, fox-terrier, deer-hound, and pointer classes possessing many fine specimens, especially the latter, Mr. John Bishop's Sall, three years, being one of the best specimens of her class ever shown, her head being sweet and symmetrical, and the points well developed, she is sure to earn further honours. Many others, too numerous to mention, were also worthy of notice. Altogether, it was a most successful exhibition. For a respectable business-going city like Glasgow, it was astonishing to see the number of people "who went to the dogs" last week; but a city which can show up a twenty-thousand course to view a "cup tie" or a ten-mile spin, could well afford to swell the "canine fair."

MESSRS. CARTER's gigantic display in the Agricultural and Horticultural section of the Paris International Exhibition, which extends upwards of 1000 ft. in length, is by far the largest and most impressive of its kind in the building. There are some thousands of glass cases beautifully arranged, and containing distinct varieties of the most popular kinds of seeds for English and Continental farms and gardens, classified as a graceful compliment to the French nation, in accordance with the French system, with the name of the variety also printed in French. Messrs. Carter's stand cannot fail to be one of the most interesting characteristics of the English Department to native visitors, embracing as it does various novel features, with cases of gold, silver, and bronze medals, representing the many and various honours the house of Carter has achieved in the four quarters of the world, of which there can be none more interesting than the silver medal awarded to Messrs. Carter at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and which was designated "The only silver medal for grass seeds in growth." Prominent amongst all others is a separate case containing an extraordinary example of what may be done by selection in the growth of seed wheat, in the shape of one root upon which no fewer than eighty-five fully-developed ears of corn were borne. We understand that Messrs. Carter and Co. have been requested to accept the sole Continental agency of this wheat by the introducer, and we strongly recommend all who are interested in the subject, when visiting Messrs. Carter's stand, not to omit to carefully inspect this extraordinary specimen, feeling sure that the demand for the supply of seed corn will rapidly develop itself upon the Continent, where we already know that no expense or trouble is spared amongst the leading agriculturalists to secure our finest English stocks.

HOWARD PAUL relates that in a moment of wild forgetfulness he asked a well-known London actress, who "makes up" skilfully, her age. Her reply was frank. "I have four ages," she replied, with animation. "The family archives unfortunately proclaim that I am fifty. By daylight I pass for thirty-six, by gaslight not more than thirty, and with all my war-paint on, in a soft light and no rude glare, I pass for five-and-twenty."

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING.

FRIDAY, May 10.

PLATE of 200 sovs; Cesarewith Course (2 miles 2 fur 28 yards). Mr. T. Jennings's b f Queen of Cyprus, by King Tom—Cypriana, 5 yrs, 9st 3lb J. Goater 1 Duke of Westminster's br f Mida, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb Fordham 2 Mr. H. Savile's b c Vellum, 3 yrs, 9st 4lb Hammond 3 Also ran: Arab, 4 yrs, 9st; Sissie, 3 yrs, 9st, 5 to 2 on Mida, 4 to 1 agst Queen of Cyprus, and ran to 8 agst any other. Won in a canter by a length and a half; a neck between second and third. The THIRD WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; T.Y.C. 5 fur 140 yards. Mr. H. Chaplin's b h Strike, by Miner—Stolen Moments, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb H. Jeffery 1 Mr. J. T. Mackenzie's b c The Callant, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb Rossiter 2 Mr. C. Bush's b g Oxonian, aged, 9st 4lb Constable 3 Also ran: Rifle, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb; Suleiman, aged, 8st 12lb; Nitocris, 4 yrs, 8st 0lb; Bourbon, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb; Titania II, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb; Meteorolite, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb; Euxine, 3 yrs, 7st. 100 to 40 agst The Callant, 5 to 1 each agst Rifle and Oxonian, 6 to 1 each agst Bourbon and Meteorolite, 10 to 1 agst Nitocris, 100 to 8 agst Euxine filly, and 100 to 7 each agst Strike and Titania II. Won easily by a length and a half; three lengths between second and third.

TWO YEAR OLD SELLING STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 added; last half of D.M.

Sir B. Dixie's b c Bumpkin, by Joskin—Menace, 8st 12lb F. Archer 1 Mr. C. Bush's ch f Boudoir, 8st 9lb Constable 2 Mr. J. Charlton's b c Thorganby, 8st 12lb Glover 3 Also ran: Strategy, 8st 9lb; Camera Obscura, 8st 9lb, 5 to 4 agst the Vulcan filly, 5 to 2 agst Thorganby, 5 to 1 agst Bumpkin, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by a head; a bad third. The winner was sold to Mr. C. Bush for 200 guineas.

TWO YEAR OLD STAKES of 10 sovs each, h ft, with 100 added; last half of R.M.

Mr. R. James's b f Electric Light, by Sterling—Beachy Head, 8st 7lb Morbey 1 Lord Hartington's b f by Wenlock—Bab at the Bowster, 8st 7lb H. Jeffery 2 General Wood's br f Kloobnichka, 8st 7lb Lynch 3 Also ran: Octave, 8st 7lb; Barde, 8st 10lb; Carew, 9st 3lb (inc. 7lb ex.) 11 to 8 on the Bab at the Bowster filly, 9 to 2 agst Carew, 100 to 15 agst Electric Light, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won easily by three lengths; lengths between second and third.

The ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES, a subscription of 100 sovs each, h ft, for three-year-old fillies; 8st 10lb each; second received 200 sovs, and third saved stake; R.M. (1 mile 17 yards). 89 subs.

Lord Lonsdale's ch f Pilgrimage, by The Earl of The Palmer—Lady Audley, by Macaroni, 8st 10lb T. Cannon 1

Lord Falmouth's b f Jannette, by Lord Clifden—Chevisaunce, 8st 10lb F. Archer 2

Count F. de Lagrange's ch f Clementine, by Mortemer—Regalia J. Goater 3

Prince Bathyany's b c Bel Ange, 8st 10lb Morris 0

Lord Bradford's br f Blue Ridge, 8st 10lb Maidment 0

Lord Rosebery's bl f Bellincott, 8st 10lb Constable 0

Mr. J. Snarry's b f Tiger Lily, 8st 10lb T. Chaloner 0

Mr. Wadlow's b f Lady Lumley (late May, late Mayfly), 8st 10lb J. Osborne 0

Duke of Westminster's b f Strathfleet, 8st 10lb F. Webb 0

5 to 4 on Pilgrimage, 5 to 1 agst Clementine, 6 to 1 agst Strathfleet, 20 to 1 each Lady Lumley, 25 to 1 agst Jannette, and 40 to 1 each agst Blue Ridge, Bel Ange, and Tiger Lily. Blue Ridge made play, followed by Pilgrimage, Tiger Lily, Lady Lumley, and the favourite, Clementine and Bellincott next, with Jannette a length or so off in the rear, Strathfleet, wide on the right, also lying off. As they passed the T.Y.C. winning post Tiger Lily and Blue Ridge began to come back, and before reaching the bushes beat a retreat, Pilgrimage now holding a slight lead of Clementine, while Strathfleet and Bel Ange on the right began to close up, as also did Jannette. Half-way down the hill Strathfleet was in trouble, and Jannette, taking third place, was alone in the race with Pilgrimage and Clementine. Of these Clementine, who came out of the dip at the favourite's neck, was soon beaten, and passed half-way up to Jannette, who then challenged Pilgrimage, but the Two Thousand winner easily held her own, and won by three-parts of a length; two lengths separating second and third. Some distance off, Bel Ange was fourth, Strathfleet fifth, Blue Ridge sixth, Lady Lumley seventh, Bellincott eighth, and Tiger Lily last. Time, 2 min. Value of the stakes, £4,500.

MR. PEDDIE'S address is

2, Place Frédéric Sauvage, Boulogne-sur-Mer.—[Anvr].

SALES OF BLOOD STOCK AT NEWMARKET.

MR. TATTERSALL held his first *levée* on Thursday last week, the previous day's sale having been postponed owing to drenching rain which fell during the forenoon, and consequently the number of lots offered was augmented to forty-six. The sensation of the hour was the colt by The Rake out of Tragedy, who was bid for up to 4,500 guineas, without, however, changing hands:—

The Property of Mr. Tattersall
Astaroth (2 yrs), b f by Winslow—Jessamine, by Knight of St. Patrick Gs. (Mr. Cowie) 30

Cadenza (2 yrs), b f by Costa—Divertissement, by Grosvenor (Mr. Cowie) 30

The Property of a Gentleman
Electricity (1865), by Thunderbolt—Priestess, by The Doctor (Major Squires) 25

Industrious (7 yrs), by Blair Athol—Busy Bee, by Newminster (Lord Kesteven) 105

Bay colt (3 yrs) by Python, dam by Dundee (Mr. Brice) 35

Bay filly (2 yrs) by Vanderdecken—Coral, by the Duke (Lord J. Douglas) 20

Bay filly (2 yrs) by Vanderdecken—Miss Bess (Mr. Whybrow) 20

The Property of the late Captain W. H. Cooper
Bay colt (2 yrs) by Queen's Messenger—Melodious (Mr. P. Price) 110

Bay filly (2 yrs) by Cardinal York—Hirondelle, by Macaroni (Mr. Burton) 35

Windlass (2 yrs) by filly by Winslow—Hurricane, by Lifeboat (Mr. Hayhoe) 20

The Property of Mr. J. Johnson
Rufina (aged) by The Lawyer—Romance (Mr. J. Potter) 100

Abel Miss (4 yrs) by D'Estournel, dam by Augur—Miss Conyngham (Mr. Wilson) 120

Titania (4 yrs) by Orest—Queen Mab (Mr. B. Smythe) 110

The Property of Lord Rosebery
Brigg Boy (5 yrs) by Broomielaw—Vigorous, by Vedette (Captain Machell) 220

Clo Irus (3 yrs) by Young Melbourne—Lovebird, by Newminster (Captain Soames) 7

Bailiff (5 yrs) by Cecrops—Clematis, by Lord Clifden (Mr. Rust) 2

THE Army Athletic Meeting will take place on the Cricket Ground, South Camp, Aldershot, on May 30th and 31st.

WE are informed that Mr. E. W. Streeter, of Bond-street, has been favoured with the special appointment of jeweller to their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Brazil.

THE Dulwich College Annual Athletic Sports took place in the College grounds on Saturday afternoon. The weather was glorious, and the company was large and fashionable. During the past week the poorer performers had been weeded out in a series of preliminary heats, so that the events set down on Saturday's programme were all finals.

A MEETING of all, or nearly all, the bicycle clubs was held on Saturday afternoon at the Stamford Bridge Grounds, Fulham, when two races were decided as follows:—Two Miles: Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer 1, G. F. Beck 2. A fine race throughout, not more than two yards separating them, and Falconer won by that distance. Time, 6min 30 1-5sec.—The Twenty-five Miles Race was won by A. A. Weir, after a magnificent race with A. P. C. Perceval and W. M'William. Time, 1h 27min 45sec. The Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer was second to near the finish.

ON Saturday week the annual race for the Layton Pairs by members of the L.R.C., took place between Putney and Hammersmith and vice versa. The first heat fell to H. H. Playford and A. W. Evans, by beating S. Jenkins and A. Bishop, 2nd, and J. Badcock and C. G. Ellis, 3rd. E. Slade and H. Buller won the second heat by a couple of lengths, their solitary opponents, O. D. Chapman and A. M'Lean, completely ignoring rectilineality in steering. In the final, which was rowed down stream, after a capital race right throughout Playford and partner won by half a length.

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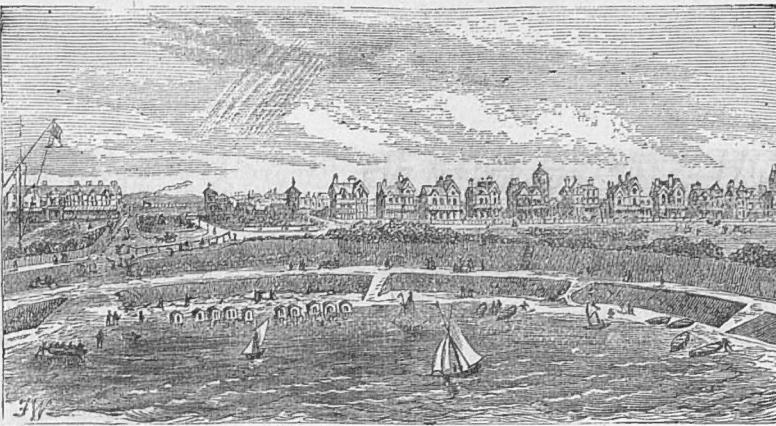
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